Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE

WOODWIND an Arts Paper

Volume 2
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Dear Poetry Contributors:

Our apologies to those of you who have sent submissions to Woodwind and received no notification of publishing date. Your exuberance and co-operation has left us with a backlog of excellent material with which we are now attempting to come to terms. We ask you at this time to be patient and to hold off on sending your contributions until September. Between now and then, we will publish the poetry which we have in our files, and return material to those of you who had the foresight to send stamped and self-addressed envelopes. When we begin accepting fresh material, we shall try to perform with a bit more organization. Hopefully we will form a more satisfactory system which will benefit Washington area poets. A new policy for submissions will be outlined in the last August issue of Woodwind. Thank you.

Richard Harrington,
Editor
Deirdra Baldwin,
Poetry Editor

Our next issue will be September 15, and then we will go back being bi-weekly. Our summer vacation is over, too.

HARD TO GET...

NEW TITLES:

PAPERBACK

1234567890
Primal Scream
Remember Be Here Now
Burden of the Berrigans
Greening Of America
Tassaraja Bread Book
Aid As Imperialism
Low Cost Co-op Cookbook
We Have Been Invaded By the 21st Century

HARDBACK

Away With All Pests
Pedagogy of The Oppressed
Woman In Sexist Society
Separate Reality
Female Eunuch
Psychedelic Experience
Gay Militants
The New Exiles

We Distribute in bulk :Quicksilver Times, D.C. Gazette and Off Our Backs.

PERIODICALS:

Mother Earth News (All issues)
Ramparts
Aperture
Whole Earth (All issues inc. Last Supplement)
Telos
Solar Journal

NEWSPAPERS:

Ain't I A Woman?
East Village Other
Labor Today
N.Y. Review of Books
Natural Lifestyles
Berkeley Tribe

POSTERS:

Times Change posters
From China, Cuba, Africa
San Francisco Posters
Nixon??? poster

RECORDS:

Seize The Time:Elaine Brown
Last Poets #3
Ballots or Bullets?:Malcolm X
Cry of Vietnam

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Gay Liberation
Native Americans
Third World
Women's Liberation
Counter Culture (includes Eastern philosphy, mysticism, occult, how to do and make type stuff)
Free schools and alternate education
Marxism, Socialism, Anarchism
Poetry/Drama/Fiction
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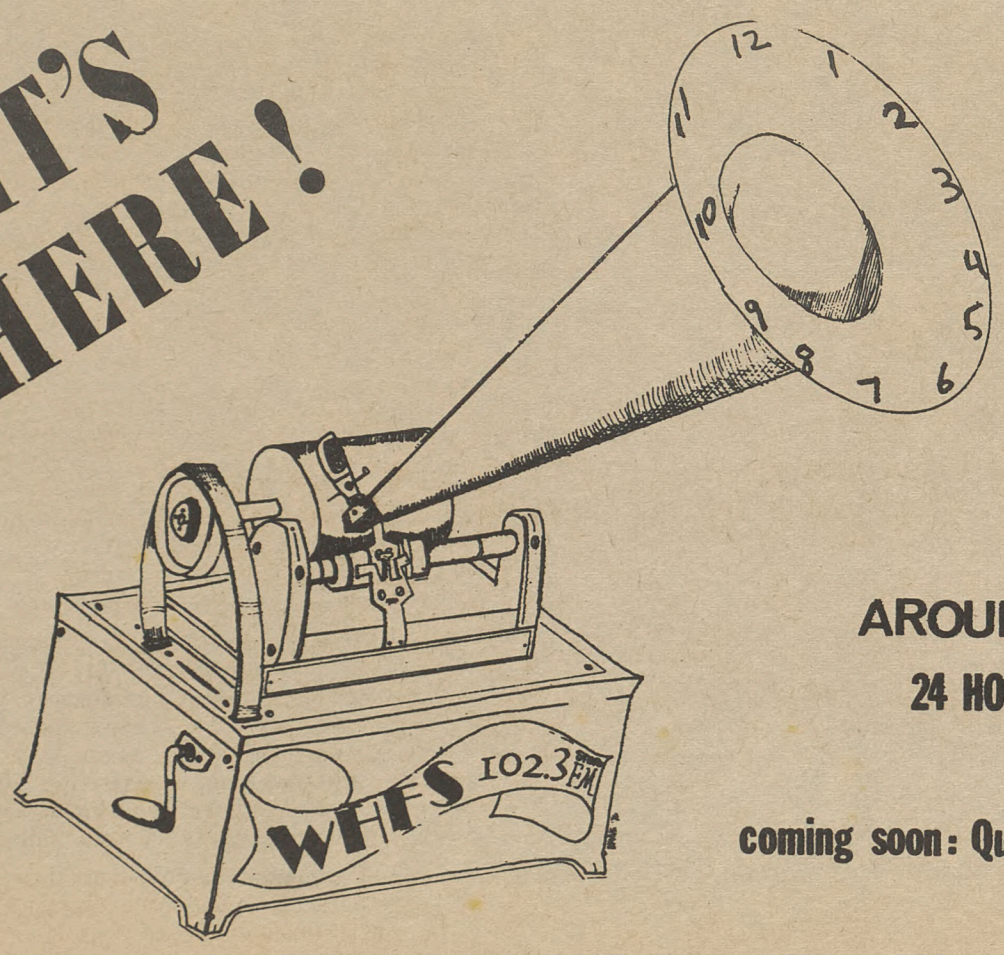

ROCK

AROUND-THE-CLOCK!

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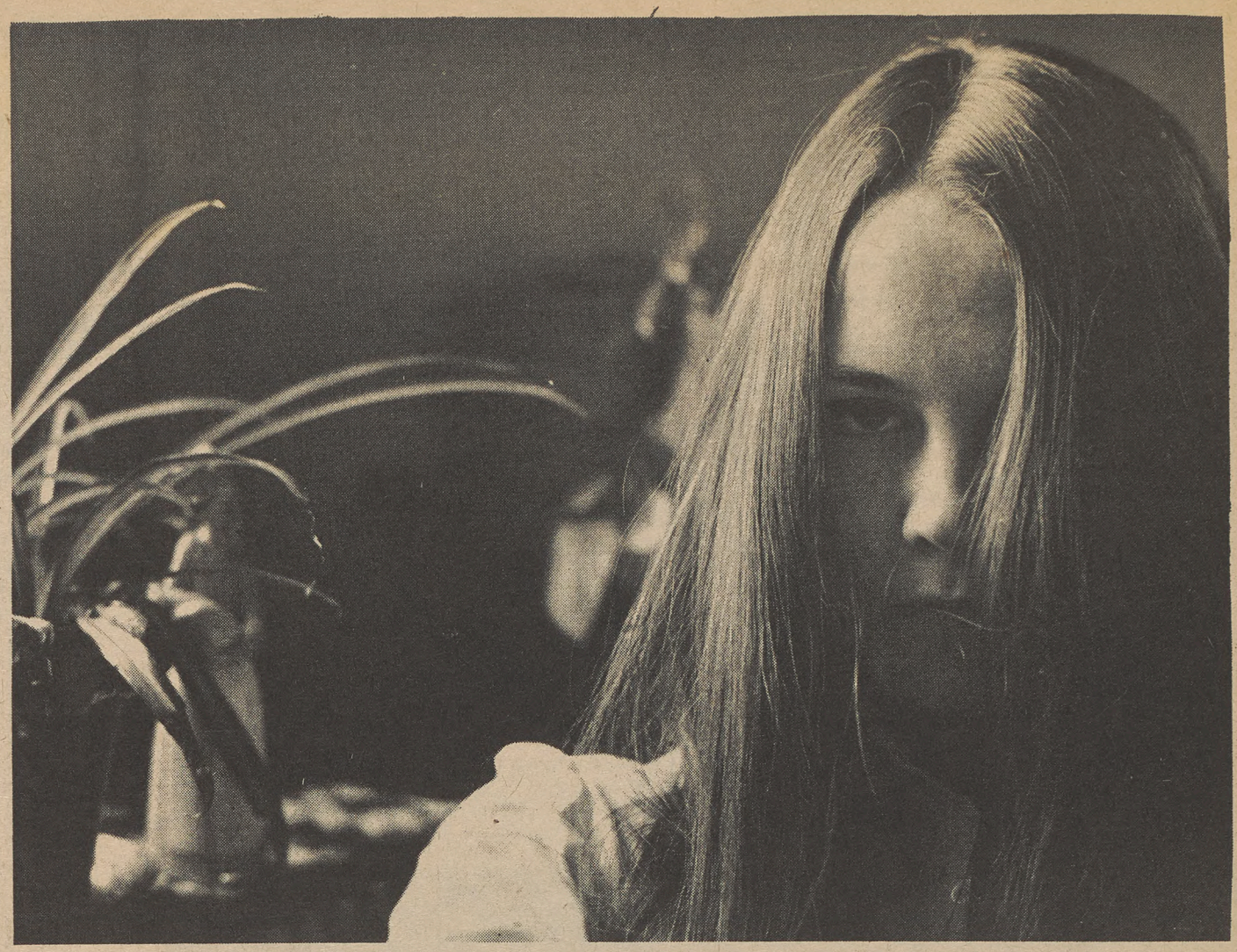
THIS YEAR'S BATCH

Peter Noterman



Photograph by Chas McGratt

Another Night on the Fourth Floor

i just killed a grey spider against the wall
sirens fill the night like searchlights
night presses its fat face against my windows
the stars twinkle brightly like amused idiots
from my porch i can see hundreds of windows
budgie is my friend's bird
clowns lead their guns and mow down escaping titterings

where is the map i was standing on
where is your dry hand
and why have bones attacked my garden

Poem for Me

loneliness sticks to me
like breath
shadows and streetlights surround me
asking questions i can't repeat

it is raining
night enters my box
and i dream i'm a statue in a forgotten park.

All Fall Down

falling, falling... falling
down a well, off a high porch, into a dream
death grits its teeth and waits our arrival

i'm so jealous of your pills
you took them all
greedy girl, eating death like the last row of candy.
i wanted to fall into bed, with cold juices around my head
and a jack-in-the-box mother
jumping up to tuck me back in
into the dark wood chest filled with blankets and me
so i wouldn't even have to breathe.
tell me how it tastes, is it bitter... rubbery,
does it snap off between your teeth
and what about the trigger that slammed you into the hall
why don't you call, why don't you call
so we can agree to do it together
forever.

Truckin' Along

traveling, reflections on the car windows
the back of my hand stamped "Rush"
birds at night glow red like small flying ovens
cold metal pegs hold down the subway tracks
the blue lines traced on my inside wrists
burst into song like burning paper
every other step is a hole
covered with a huge horse-headed coin
sand is escaping from beaches
each grain is a lie
steel buildings with dusty windows
remain lit and empty
while a sigh underlines the night
and the streets strech their black backs
the step lights absent mindedly clicking
adding up another day's desires.

No Plumber in Town

iron pan faces march in the streets
drums cough and rattle
a tricycle goes chinging past
i stand in front of the movie screen, cheering
while further back in the audience i am losing food on the floor
and trying to remember the lock on the front door
the chain
and the paper on the breakfast table
the radiator noises at night
and the cold clunking of your body next to mine
the plumbing of my feelings
frozen
and no plumber in town
you shining flashlights on my sweating pipes
lighting up my silence all down the line.

Where Are They Now.

revolutionaries snap like flash bulbs
brilliant bright
and then eject themselves into some can
our night ain't gonna be light with no popping little flashes
like fireflies in a fir tree
the beast don't give a shit about some dull glowing bugs
and what's left--some underdeveloped film
eyes glowing madly white on some negatives
and teeth as black as a grin in some dark box
where they pack people who've blown out their spirits.
the lake of our society is again calm as a mirror
the pain clear and unmoving
and where are my friends, the fighters
where are they now?

Standing Outside Your Window

your face is a paper fan
painted with mountains and clouds
the rest is a pearl handle
closed as a venetian blind
shutting out the working street

the black phone that rang five straight days
calling you to me is only a dead black bone
now that my heart is shaking its own red hands.
if i see you, i'll take a tear
and smash it with a hammer
to show you how my feelings can be forced flat
as a knife shoved between door locks
on the dark stairs of some night.

your dreams marry each other
practising unnnatural acts fully dressed
while the sap of your spirit
spills puddles on a ground
that is not my body.

it is still
between the times
when the large machines of war
roar by outside and nothing
exists but virulent noise
during the stillnesses
in this flare-studded night
I dream
while listening to music faintly imagined
sonnets
from the deep side of the inside me

flirting flitting things pass that place
where once I remember we spent
pleasant nice laughable obscurities happened there
and recalling them
in my place now
amidst many contradictory and ridiculour exigencies
I'm somewhat happy
for the fleeting moment
I guess satisfied one could call it

also a bit sad
knowing
they will never be the same again
no matter
how many future times to come we may spend
I shan't feel them then
like they were or are now

. . . . .

tell me
some tree housing one bird
where shelter is
and on which level

Photograph by Chas McGratt

I think I shall leave myself
for the moment
and ponder
among the silk silent ponds
of a then removed from now

Slide
like the laughingest kid down the board
along the shallow streets
where once I trod

It's not so difficult really
to hear
the muted spring call
of a daffodil
making like a robin in early summer

Where once was a pleasant thing
is always momentously nice to be
recalled in any somehow

Couched in rhythmic imaginings
My Self one sunny sunday noon
Sped down wheels of unbeknowing joy
Only to be snapped as a turtle is
Into shells of self-infusing otherlookingness

I slapped its brakes
Took a deep breath
Lit an almost always cigarette

and
(assuming a better profiled pose)

Looked gently down
but oh so jealously
from behind shaded eyes
On fields of
violets
humming bees
birds of never-before or ever-since song
mushrooms tainted but by a speck of mold

I saw naturloveliness
and only a small part of me
could believe it

T C Brinson

Every each is only an own

The seconds
one touch from the other
dribble into forgotten pastness

while I cling to you
the hugging
the straining
and finally
the release

even cold, moistlike is the tongue

it's uncanny
how you call me
even from sameness
and strike me
with a knowing
Breath?
of real??

What is
Can't know
Only fake

But my ace
is your queen
as you call me
when
silently
with upwards turned eyes
and cheeks like lavender

you

love

me

she turned her tawny face
and leaning closer
kissed my shoulder
with just the tip of a finger

we rested in late evening's dusklight
limbs and a portion of our spirits entwined
quietly anxious for the next sensative
explosion to come

underneath the satin sheets
while pleasantly musing upon the ceiling
and the smell of pleasing long dark hair
I traced a perfect circle
upon the curvature of her thigh

later while walking the deserted streets
we were able to laugh
through our broken words and gestures
at the delicious wonder of
chipped starlight

Love--even slight and shared but a short space
is perhaps a magical thing
and precious. . . .

ah hem,
but tears followed the next morning
and neither of us could understand
what compelled me to return
like the others she had spent time with
to the urgencies of killing

now in my state of duty
surrounded by the not so subtle realities of
strewn earth incessant noise
and the sickeningly sweet stench of burnt flesh
I can only regretfully bask in memories
and the tenuous worlds
of if only and maybe

My body like your body. . .
The firm form which nestles quick
And the soft crease of odour
When with you
My body tingles
At just the smallest flick of a smile
In which your face is a flower
That blossomes
Even in the dead of snow
And like lightning
I become large
Beyond all proportion
When
Just barely when
The soft point
Of your tongue
Brushes mine

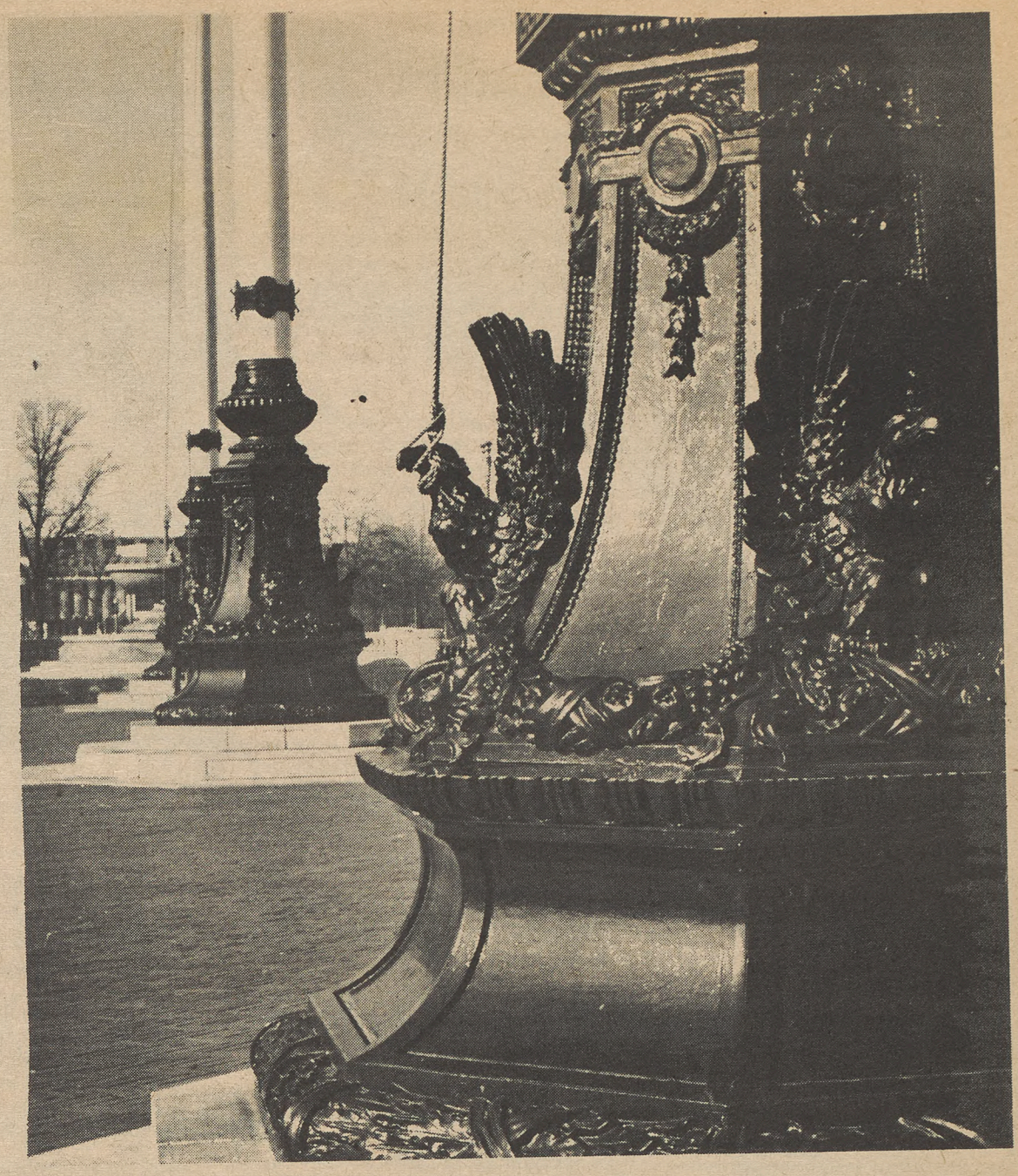
Falling Stars & Rising Coffee

What significance has medals
to heroes who carry on---unsung
medallions and silver stars
fall short for the price of coffee --
a box full of citations we give
to be shoved up the ass of Congress!

Reciprocation, Representatives!
for the index finger of injustice
forced down our throats by injunction
But, we belch!
the stench of putrid politics
is suffocating the almighty Truth!
your air of bureaucracy- so repulsive-
that sickness makes truth self-evident.

We represent the terrible truth
as we have seen it throughout
the jungle-delta-mountain-villages
of Indochina--violated and
predestined by mutated democracy.

No ,Senator, your vision distorts,
your eyes have tired of constituents
who only echo cries of fallen sons.
Your ears have been defeaned by
the incessant hammering of gavels,
and your idea of compassion
has too little substance to be real.



Chas McGratt

VI VIPer-ASP

The Washington VA center
plastic showcase of
waiting smiles.
There were no welcome mats
as I entered,
to sustain my claim
with the old and struggling soldiers

Treatment was only a chance call
illness was not
the doctor's concern
only the filled-out-forms confirmed
the sickness, the need,
and the wanting
that faced so many exits

That great bureaucratic mother---
wings broken
by countless paperweights.
Once a nightingale of goodwill
now flowering in
a carbon wasteland.

Today has ended
as far as dedication
to the job goes.
That ole sense of
"Dedication to"
left me when I
Left the country
and the army
along with all that
it did not stand for.

it stands, delicately balanced,
upon the backs of privates
supported by taxes,
public paranoia
and dedication to the job.

Rik Penn

"BAMBOO PATTERNS"

Green on green is a different scene
when watched by weary eyes
Back to back the patterns are black
against the dusty sky.

I lay my head on an earthen bed
beneath its canopy
And watch the leaves away in the breeze
struggling to be free.

Long and slender, prisms so tender,
silhouettes of shade.
Abstract out of norms and lost in its form
the patterns are remade

Bamboo bends from end to end
with every gust of wind
What will it take for to break
And finally to give in?

Bamboo grows where water flows
living collectively
Neither on city street nor mountain peak
can one help but see

Bamboo patterns, tall green planterns
reaching for the sun!
War has shattered all that mattered
and peace has come to none.

"COMPUTERMASTER"

IT IS SEVEN A.M.,
A COMPUTER OPERATOR ENTERS
A FLOURESCENT ENVIRONMENT,
AN INCUBATOR VOID OF WINDOWS.

FOOTSTEPS CLIP THE METAL
OF THE INCUBATOR FLOOR E C O H O E S
AND THE SOUND OF BREATHING MACHINES
WHO PATIENTLY AWAIT THEIR BINARY CODED BREAKFAST.

THE COMPUTER OPERATOR TENDS TO THE COMPUTER,
NURSING EVERY WHINE AND WIMPER...
"YOUR SPEED IS EXCELLENT SIR"
YOUR CURRENT-FLOW IS GOOD SIR.
"YOUR MEMORY IS SUPERB SIR."

HE GAZES AT THEM
THROUGH THE EYES OF A MASTER,
THE OMNIPOTENT SEEKER OF TRUTH
WHOSE COMBINED ALPHA ACTIVITY
AND DIGITAL DEXTERITY
HAS GIVEN HIM UNDISPUTED MASTERY
OVER THE INTELLECTUAL INVALIDS
WHO INHABIT HIS KINGDUMB.

AS EACH NEW COMPUTER
IS GIVEN BIRTH BY A MANUFACTURER,
THE UMBILICAL CHORD IS JOINED TO
THE UNIVERSAL LIFE? FORCE-
JOLTING IT TO THE LEVEL
OF COMMON COMPUTER CONSCIOUSNESS,
IT BLINKS AND SPARKLES ITS WAY
TO MATURITY IN A MATTER OF MINU-SECS.

(TELEMETRIC TALES OF AN EXPLORERS ODYSSEY
ARE RETURNED FROM THE STARS IN BITS AND PIECES
AS GOSSIP FLOWS THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE OF: AMPEX&IBM.)

. . . .AND THEIR NUMBERS INCREASE
AS THEY MULTIPLY TO DISSOLVE
ALL THE MUDDLED MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE.
. . . .AND THEIR NEEDS MULTIPLY,
AS DOES THE DESIRE OF MAN TO KNOW ALL THERE IS.

MACHINE #5

I sit in the operator's armchair,
positioned beneath the clicking clock,
that hangs against the false partition,
having a Real Time ignoring the
humming and the buzzing electro-symphony
that permeates my thickest mental wall.

There's the sound!
Click again...
All the rollers
in a spin.

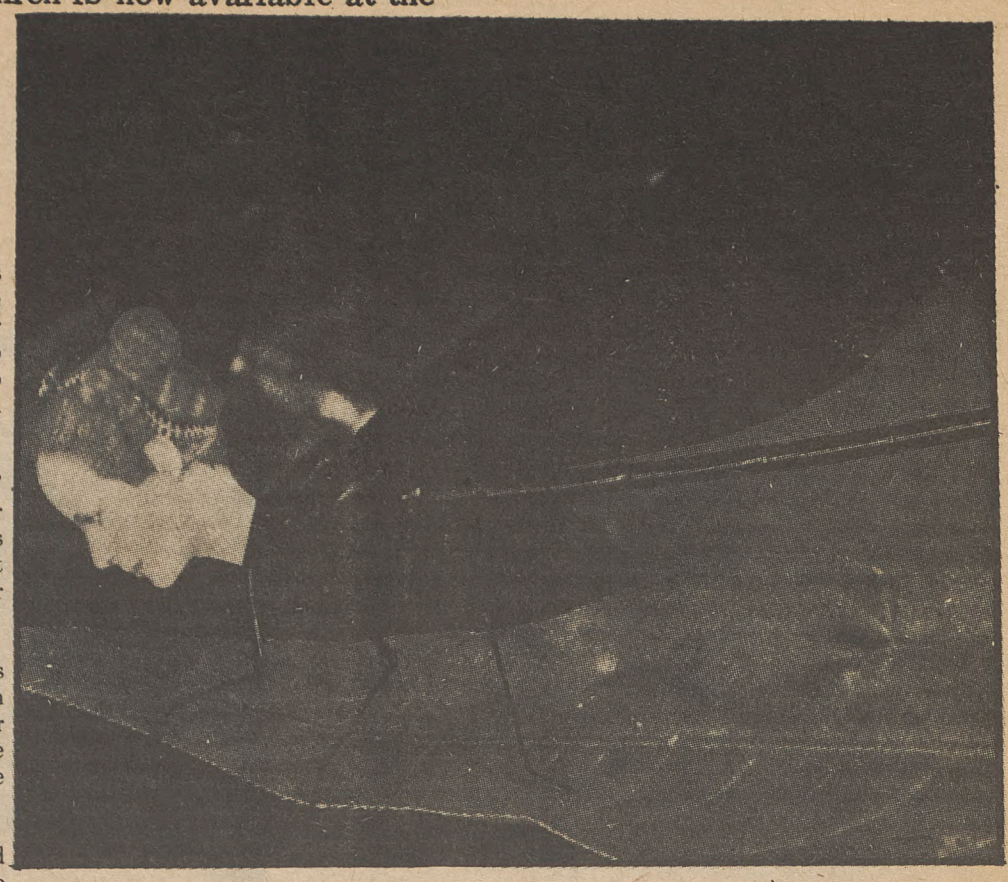
M-Five miniatures feed back
Flowing from my fingers into
it's film gallery of gleaming cellophane,
Charts and figures must be stored
memorized, immortalized and miniaturized
by M-5.

There's the sound
Four o'clock,
Time to press
The button------stop.

reprinted from Radical Software, which is now available at the Community Bookshop.

VIDEOTAPE DANCE THERAPY

by Louis Jaffe



In the past two years I have videotaped seven of Luly Goldin's dance therapy sessions at the Turtle Bay School of Music in New York City. Luly ostensibly teaches people how to become dance therapists, but her sessions usually turn out to be therapy for those involved. Her method does not consist in playing records and getting people to dance. All of the sessions I taped or participated in (I was a member of the group two semesters, then I returned as a guest to tape) took place without musical accompaniment.

The sessions begin with Luly's instruction to the ten participants to "start working" which means that people stop talking and smoking cigarettes and try to express their feelings by movement. This is difficult at first, and the group usually fans out across the room (which has been anything from a small auditorium to a twelve by twenty foot practice room at the school) to go through a personal process of getting into their movements or non-movements.

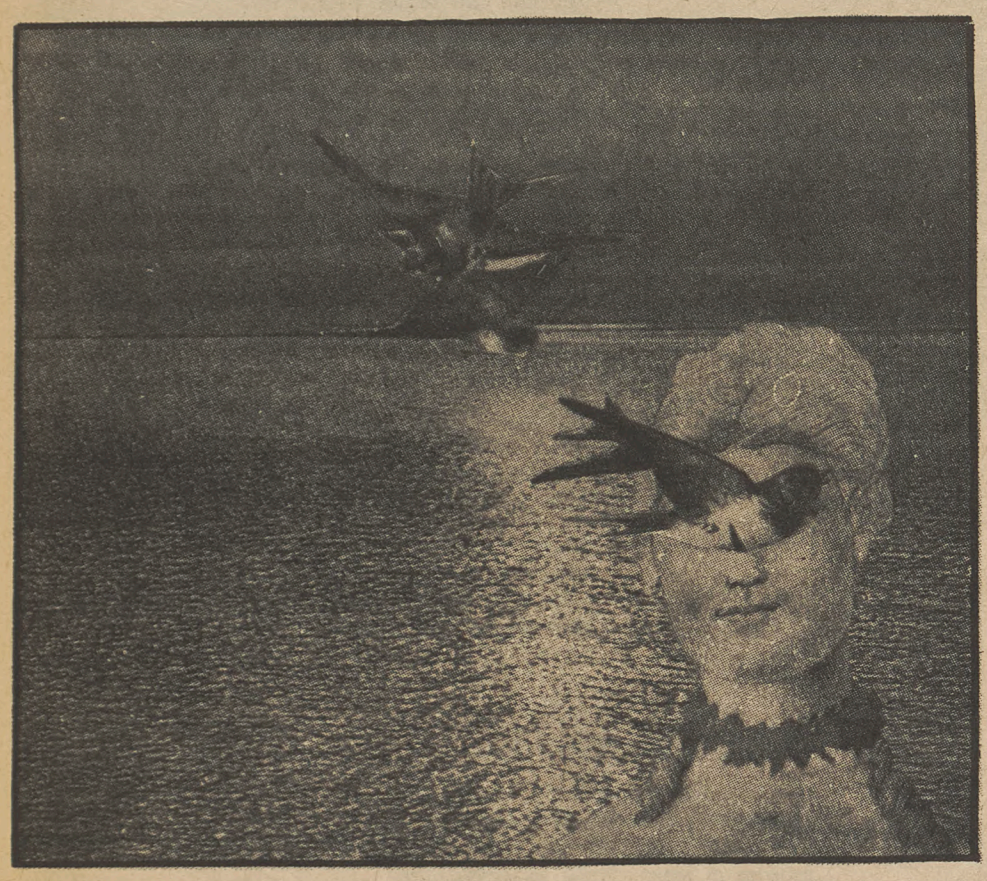
In a few minutes people may begin to dance with each other, fight, mirror each other's movements. Couples or threesomes begin dramatic interchanges while others remain detached, into themselves. Luly sits at the edge of the room, always watching. Her therapist's role consists in watching the movement for some key development, like the sudden shift in two people from lovers' gestures to hostile ones, or a barely perceptible change in their body attitudes.

As soon as she sees this (and her wisdom as a therapist is in being able to see it and make people aware of it) she stops the session. From this point on, most of the group become spectators while the people Luly has singled out continue to develop the feeling they are working on. The intensification that results from taking people and setting them out in front of the rest of the group almost always develops into an emotional outburst. Most often it is tears, sometimes rage, sometimes affection.

Usually, an outburst like this ends the session. After a review of what happened, during which everyone gratefully shrugs off the all-too-heavy expression through movement and reverts back to smoking and talking, the group breaks up. The session usually lasts two and a half hours.

I began taping as soon as Luly asked the people to start working, and kept the tape rolling continuously until she called a stop. Then instead of discussing the events of the last few minutes we immediately played back the tape. After watching the tape sometimes people talked about it, and sometimes we went right into the second phase of the session where most of the group along with the camera became spectators while one or two or four of the people went further with what they were doing. This stage too I taped entirely. As I said, it often ended in tears or violence although sometimes with great tenderness. Even those who became hysterical watched the playback immediately and were calmed by their interest in seeing themselves go through such a thing.

We taped seven sessions out of forty, two each semester. Luly didn't want more taping than that, which I think is another credit to her therapist's judgment. If watching yourself in videotape replay becomes the main reason for doing things, then the quality of the experience is debased. Videotape had to be a special event in the routine of the sessions. This gave the insights from video feedback shock value which was not dulled by repetition of the experience in later sessions.



collage: J. Sibert

Within each session there was also the danger of overloading the participants with video feedback experience. We found that shorter periods of taping were better than longer. Sometimes I had twenty minute reels of tape and sometimes thirty minute. The temptation was always to record the whole length of the tape and then to watch the whole tape. But half an hour of the group watching itself proved to be just too long. Somewhere after the twentieth minute of watching the just-finished session on TV, boredom set in, which mixed in a peculularly irritating way with the continued fascination of the feedback. Twenty minutes proved to be an easier length, and many times we stopped after five or ten.

We usually did only two cycles of recording and feedback; sometimes three. After watching the last playback, there usually wasn't much to add in words. The sometimes prolonged post-session discussions of non-videotaped groups didn't happen after people saw themselves. As Luly said: "I can tell somebody, 'You really hated that person, and he can deny it. But on the videotape he sees something concrete, something that he cannot deny".

I used a half inch portable for all the sessions, and every time but one I kept it plugged into a wall outlet, not moving the recording deck at all. In the limited environment of the room I relied on the zoom lens to get me in close to details of the activity. Rather than use a tripod and limit flexibility of camera movement I chose to hand-hold the camera, and because hand-holding for an hour of continuous taping can generate an extraordinary case of muscle tension, I chose to sit in a chair most of the time, steadying the camera by resting my elbow on my knee.

Once I left my post on the edge of the room and waded into the middle of the action wearing the portapak over my shoulder. The camera was fitted with a ten millimeter wide angle lens which has enough depth of focus so that I didn't have to adjust it, leaving me free to move with the people, trucking in, out, and through. This added a much larger component of camera-oriented performance on the part of the group (as opposed to un-camera-conscious interrelating).

Luly and I differed over whether the camera should be a detached observer or a participant in the action. She asked me a couple of times during taping to join in the activities with the camera, but after the first experiment I didn't feel like doing it again. Luly herself always stayed on the edge in order to oversee the action, and I felt that this was the camera's place too. Just once or twice during forty sessions Luly felt impelled to leave her place and join the movement, and this option should be open to the cameraman.

A few times people were asked to specifically address themselves to the camera in their actions; this produced some extreme selfconsciousness and some spirited performances. Taping group movement from the edge of the room did not produce too much selfconsciousness. Luly thought that the taping seemed to inhibit some people, but that it intensified the experience for many. I'd say that the richest feedback was people seeing themselves as taped when they weren't aware of the camera. Awareness of the camera seemed to short-circuit the feedback qualities of playback.

Technically, I always tried to make my camerawork as inobtrusive as possible. Trying to keep an overview of all that was happening in the room while also following closely the more dramatic developments, I found myself alternately zooming out to wide angle and panning across the whole group, and zooming back into telephoto to catch the intensity of faces pressed together or hands reaching out. Always I panned and zoomed with measured slowness—I wanted to stay below the threshold where camera movements and zooms are so slow that they become invisible. In these unedited, real-time recordings I wanted to make the changes that were happening in the group clear and visually interesting through a tape without technical distractions. The life of the recordings was short; none was watched more than once, and all were soon recorded over.

Once Luly operated the camera herself for the session (with the fixed focal length ten millimeter lens to eliminate the complication of focusing and zooming) and her therapist's vision showed through even though she had never held a camera before. In the future I hope she chooses to get into the equipment. The therapist and the cameraman should be one person.

The New Schools Exchange Newsletter has created a network among teachers, schools, kids, people— all and everyone into alternate education. In addition to the twice monthly published Newsletter, the exchange publishes a *Directory of Innovative Schools* and periodic "position papers" and provides advisors and contacts in local areas to help new schools happen. $5 entitles you to five months of Newsletter; $10 to an annual subscription of twelve months of Newsletter, the Directory of Schools and a free ad in the Newsletter. 301 East Canon Perdido, Santa Barbara, California 93101.

Vocations For Social Change is a collective in California which publishes a bi-monthly journal of the same name. The journal contains current information on new social change projects; staff openings in existing organizations; how and why people have created specific social change projects, and extensive sources of information on particular areas of change. Each issue reviews in depth changes within a particular movement. $5 for a regular subscription for six months. Box 13. Canyon, California 94516.

Pacific High School Apprenticeship Service Program is an alternate education model whereby the school puts a teacher and student in touch with each other and then the two work out a mutual learning relationship. There is a $5 charge *if* the program is instrumental in providing a teaching or learning source; for those enrolled in the program for high school credit there is a $200 charge for a nine month period. (It can start any time of the year) They have received lots of feedback from interested kids and are looking for teachers who have a skill or talent in traditional crafts and trades. Contact Apprenticeship Service Program, Box 908, Montara, Calif. 94037

KOA (Kommunications on Alternatives) has begun a newsletter which is primarily about the KOA (Konference On Alternatives) held at Fordham University this April. Future issues are to serve as an open forum for individuals interested or active in alternate education and to serve as a regional resource clearinghouse center in the East. KOA c/o Arrakis, R.F.D. #1, Jeffersonville, N.Y. 12748.

The Merriweather Post Pavilion

thanks 13,000 music lovers for their beautiful performance at the Steven Stills concert Sunday August 1st

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TALKING -- Starring -- IAN MATTHEWS

courtesy of THIRD EAR

Ian Matthews, many times over orphan of the British music situation, seems to have finally caught onto the right direction for his particular talents and desires. A two-year veteran of Fairport Convention, a sort of talent generator for prime talent within the British folk influenced traditional and rock offspring music scene, he left Fairport shortly after Sandy Denny's entrance and a hard turn towards the folkish direction for the band. This direction was not what Matthews felt he needed, so he split, shortly afterwards cut his solo debut and the confusion, thereafter, seems neverending. The initial solo album was a fair success and there was enough eagerness and confidence to form a band to tour, record and grow together. The sidemen were semi-familiar faces on the musical horizon and continue presently to play their at times enjoyably competent, but basically shallow music to a moderate degree of success. The things that happen did happen: a cover version of Joni Mitchell's magic "Woodstock" number eventually moved the band into the big time. The group while internally digesting the situation developed aches and pains and the band and Matthews split. So the band, now Southern Comfort, rides the waves of the "Woodstock" hit and sadly, Ian is haunted by it. Seems certain industry people haven't had any respect for Ian's present direction in their choosing to use the "Woodstock" hit as a reference factor rather than his latest lp ('If You Saw Thro' My Eyes/ Vertigo VEL 1002). So, beyond all this, Ian is presently involved in a six-week tour of certain stateside small clubs with just two sidemen in a basically acoustic trio. Both sidemen, Richard Thompson and Andy Roberts are familiar faces on the English scene and are well-respected musicians to boot. Thompson was also a Fairport veteran and a close associate of Sandy Denny since her recent decision to break from her own Fairport offspring Fotheringay. He's a most valuable session man and has worked with both Matthews and Denny on their solo efforts. With Matthews and Roberts for their six-week tour, he moves with style and grace from his southern electric lead into a trilogy of acousticness. Andy Roberts with his own tales plays third acoustic. From the short-lived high life of The Liverpool Scene, Roberts has more recently cut a soloish lp with a three piece band called Everyone. "It was a very schizzy band" and caught the band too soon after their conception as the split directions on the lp demonstrate and Andy reveals.

The concert which took place shortly before this interview was a soft pleasure despite everything involved with the sad situation of concerts in gymnasiums and despite playing to fourteen and fifteen-year olds who have to be grabbed by the rock and roll ritual. Eventually, everyone settled in and good times were had by all. So onto what Ian and Andy have to say about it.....(TH)

T- Is your solo album what you were trying to get to?

Ian-I didn't really have any conscious target, but it's only since it's been released that I've realized that it's probably the best thing I've ever done.

T-It has more personal depth...like it's coming mostly from you.

Ian-Yeah. That's the problem with a band, you can't get that far into it because there's like four or five other people. When it's your own album, you just do whatever you want.

T-Is that the basic reason you split from Fairport?

Ian- Fairport was more of a...I mean, when Sandy (Denny) joined Fairport, it was like a whole new thing, because we'd been doing some country things and some rock and roll. And when Sandy joined she'd been like a folksinger, just a solo singer by herself, and it just added a whole new thing. And I think we'd been getting a bit stale..not stale, just a bit bored. And like Sandy joining was something completely new. I mean, it was the obvious thing for the band to do, to catch on to what Sandy was doing and go that way. And it wasn't what I wanted to do. There wasn't much else I could do really, except leave the band.

T- Her thing became the center, the music seemed to be her trip.

Ian- Yeah, I could see that as soon as she joined.

T- Was there a lost feeling right then, or did you immediately get Southern Comfort going?

Ian- I felt really lost, yeah. I mean I decided in the space of a couple of weeks that I was going to do it and I really didn't know what I wanted to do when I was out. It took me ages to be able to decide... ten months or so.

T- And then you formed Southern Comfort?

Ian- Yeah, yeah...

T- At that point, was that satisfying or was it just transitory?

Ian- It was satisfying to start with, maybe for the first three or four months. I mean, it probably sounds sort of bitchy...shit, it's not really bitchy. I thought Southern Comfort was a very shallow band, musically they were very shallow.

T- It sounded as if they were aimed to try to get something on the radio.

Ian-Not so much the songs, just the musicians, I felt. I mean if a band's gonna reach it's peak in 10 months, there's not much there. There wasn't much else I could do except leave the band. That's the main reason I left, and some personal hassles. They all wanted to be band leaders. Don't we all?

T- So you went all on your own and they on their own? So you're happier now?

Ian-Oh yeah. Really am. It was only just before we left that we decided not to play electric. Couldn't decide whether to be electric or acoustic, with a bass player and a drummer. I'm glad now we did it acoustic, 'cause my voice is much more suited to an acoustic band than an electric one. I need to do what I'm doing all the time. Yeah, I'm really happy with it. Especially after tonight, it's very encouraging.

Andy-Yeah, but there's that tendency that when you can't hear the P.A. because you're in a buolding with an echo, you tend to overplay because you're like hitting things so you really can't punch at your best.

Ian- We should have brought monitors.

Andy-It's just one of those things. Like I really didn't get into it for about half an hour. I just felt really dragged out for awhile. It seemed a lot of the kids were insenistive. Well, obviously it freaks young kids out to have to listen to that kind of music. Because basically I suppose it's fairly adult to have to sit down and appreciate something on a fairly intellectual level. It's not a physical way of putting music across. And that's the problem. But I think in the small clubs we'll be okay. And we've got so much material of one kind or another.

Ian- At least a couple of hours.

Andy-And then some. Cause we've got some ridiculous things that we just blow on. And I'm certain we're gonna get into some of those. Like we do the ultimate version of "The Locomotion".

Ian- Richard's medley of Hank Williams' hits.

Andy- That's fantastic. He does it about one hour.

Ian- Richard's got an incredible country voice. Really good.

T- He plays beautiful guitar, too!

Ian- He played really well tonight.

Andy-He played one solo that really blew me away.

Ian- On "Please Be My Friend."

T-Is there a problem with people accepting you as an acoustic band?

Ian- I know exactly who I'm aiming at. I mean, I hadn't considered playing to these people. I just wanted to play small folk clubs and to people like that.

T-On a tour like this, when you reach an audience like this, does that make you feel like it's worth it?

Ian-Yeah, in a way. I hadn't expected this. The tourwas sort of set up so that I didn't know what these two places were; last night (Wheaton Youth Center) and tonight (Falls Church Community Center) 'cause we're just doing the two. My manager says they're warm up gigs.

Andy- He wasn't kidding either, was he?

Ian-And he said if we could play at those, then we could play at those clubs when we get there.

T-What clubs will you be playing?

Ian-Stonehenge, just outside of Boston; the Bitter End, in New York.

T- What about the Cellar Door?

Ian-Yeah, they asked us to play it, but it's a matter of time. We're supposed to go back.

T-Do you think the trio will be together for some time?

Ian- No, just this one tour, that's it.

T-Then what?

Ian-I don't know. I'll just think about that when we get there. Because Richard's working with Sandy and Andy's starting to do a solo tour when we get back to England.

T-Yeah, we've heard his album, it's quite pleasant.

Ian- The Everyone, or the solo album?

T-Everyone.

Ian- Listen to his solo album.

Andy-It's not released yet in the States. It's coming out in October (on Ampex).

Ian-I think it's better than the Everyone album.

Andy- Oh, it is.

Ian-I think the songs are a lot better. But then again, the only songs I rate on the Everyone are yours. Nice sort of unbalanced band.

Andy-Yeah, it was a really schizzy band. The problem was, that it was recorded before the band had gotten any gigs, you know. And we were into so many different directions it wasn't true, y'know? It was holding together a lot better by the time we'd finished. But that, in a way...that's my whole approach to things, cau'se y'know the band split because we had a road crash and one of the guys was killed and after that...y'know? That's why I'm working solo really, 'cause I'd imagined that I'd be playing in bands forever. But now, it's just the idea of traveling and having all that equipment and going through all that again, that I can't take. And it's worked out beautifully, 'cause I can work with Ian and later go off in a different direction.

T-I felt the absence of the tension involved with thousands of pounds of equipment, you could feel the ease you were there to play with.

Andy-Yeah, and we can make mistakes and forget to sing and laugh, and it really doesn't matter. As long as everyone's happy. It's pretty hard to do that with a band unless it's amazingly good, there just aren't that many good bands around.

Ian-That's true, except Claude Jones.

T-Have you heard them?

Ian- They're a great band. Yeak, Mike (Oberman) gave me the E.P. today. It's really nice.

T-The idea of their E.P. is a first for this area. Putting out an independent E.P. as a feeler.

Andy-Big labels sign far more bands than they can handle knowing that most are gonna drop by the wayside cause they don't sell.

Ian- I think by the time this E.P. has sort of had it's run, then all the companies will want to sign them and they can take their pick. Yeah, it's a really good idea. Why didn't I do it?

Co-Starring -- ANDY ROBERTS

T-What have you got lined up for the next recording?

Ian-I don't know...I started the next album, but I rushed into it,y'know? I don't think I should record again this year.Next year,some time. I got about half way through it and realized it wasn't what I wanted, so I'm gonna try and scrap it or save it and see what it's like next year.I just don't feel I need to do another album this year.

T- I feel there's still time needed for people to explore the first album. Do you feel more at home working with your own material?

Ian- I don't mind really. I juat happened that I wrote a lot of songs at that time and I thought I might as well do them. I had done two or three,and then as many as nine.

T- I noticed "My Lady"(from Matthews' Southern Comfort ,Later That Same Year) how short it was and how it wasn't fully explored like some of the songs on your solo album are.And when you did explore them, they got better and better.

Ian-It's just a matter of confidence,really. I didn't really have much confidence in my own songs.And we're starting to do the old ones now.Like "Please Be My Friend",which is on the first Southern Comfort; even old Fairport songs.

T-Have there been any albums released in England,but not here?

Ian-No, I don't think so, but Decca is talking about releasing another Matthews' Southern Comfort.

T- Is that Frog City?

Ian- No, that's Southern Comfort by themselves.

T- So they have another album from when it was Matthews' Southern Comfort?

Ian- Yeah.

T-They were billing you here as the person who had the hit "Woodstock".

Ian- Yeah, that's a drag!

T-It went from Southern Comfort, then they had to be told it was Matthews' Southern Comfort , and beyond that Ian Matthews' Southern Comfort.

Ian- That's the promoter; he's trying to make bread. That really is a drag fro people,seeing us billed as Ian Matthews' Southern Comfort.

Andy-Is this gig billed as Southern Comfort.

T-No, but the spots featured "Woodstock."

Ian-So they might as well.

T-There's a strong relating thing.Stations would say,"Well,who the hell is Ian Matthews?" And the man would say well,"Ian Matthews' Southern Comfort," and the DJ's would say,"oh yeah,we'll play it." It's strange.

Ian- Rather than just play it and see what it's like.

T- Which is rare.

Andy-You never really get any help from people who are not acquainted with what you're doing.Even your own record company rarely knows what you're doing.Well,even my record company in England, they can't understand why I'm not producing singles. I'd rather produce songs that are 10 to 15 minutes long; they just don't understand what I'm tryin g to do .And that's just always a problem.And they also think I don't like them, and it's not that I don't like them, I mean, I tolerate them.

T- What about your solo album,Andy?

Andy- It's very weird.I toured here about two years ago with a band called the Liverpool Scene and it was very weird, with poetry,and jazz, and folk music...all sorts of things slung together.And when I went back to England, I did a solo album, parts of which are going to be released on the Ampex album here.So like three or four tracks on the album are maybe two years old,y'know; but at the same time, I don't think they should be two years old.We remixed them, and Ian came along and did some things,adding things to them. That's been re-released in England.It's all very, very complicated,cause there's about four albums of mine, all called Home Grown, in different versions. Like in England, there's the original Home Grown which is re-mixed and it's got some of the tracks mixed-up and some new ones on it.And then, there's one here (on Ampex) called Home Grown which is totally different again;parts of which are in fact gonna be on my next British release which comes out in October,and it's called Nemo and the Dream Tree ,which will probably be the title of my next American album (laughter).So, everything's out of step. But the one in this country is called Home Grown , and I believe in it. I really like it.

T- It sounds like enough confusion for something great to happen.

Andy- Well, over here you won't see all that . It's not bad,really, cause it works out that I kn ow what's happening between the two countries and each country being unaware of the other; it's gonna, I hope, go by.If so,it means a lot to me that the Home Grown that you're about to get means more to me than almost all the rest.I just hope that people like it and that it sells enough for Ampex to want to carry on.

T- So that more or less Andy'll be going his way,and Ian his, and Richard onward with Sandy.

Ian- More or less, really.

Andy-Well, it's not as though we've ever been that closely connected. In a sense, it's not exactly like breaking up an established act, because in fact, tonight's the fourth show I've ever played with you (Ian) on stage.

T- But, there's this magic amongst the three of you.

Andy-We all dig each others' playing,and each others' writing. It's the only way I could work. I mean I can't play with people I can't get on with. That's one of the problem's with bands,you've always got these internal pressures ,internal politics.And I think that the knowledge that it's not a permanent thing is a great escape.

T- It removes much of the tension.

Ian- We've got nothing to live up to.

Andy- We want to have a good time, play good music for six weeks, and well...all go off and do different things again.And then maybe we'll work together again. Or anything can happen.

Ian-I'm just not into bands,really. I'm into little units.I wouldn't mind working with six people, but not as a band,truckin' up and down with trucks and gear. Just sort of turn up with little amplifiers and have a piano waiting in the place and just do an acousticky thing.

T-When I saw just the two little amps, I thought 'this is going to be really fine.'

Ian-We never even planned on having a bass player, but Bob the roadie turned out to be a bass player who played piano as well.

Andy-Another thing is never having worked together there's so much to get turned on with. I mean, I was really knocked out by that solo of Richard's that I mentioned.Whereas, if you're doing it night after night, you've been doing it for two years you just don't notice those things.And that really keeps it alive for you.

T-Alot of your songs on your album seem to be about people who'd made themselves into disasters.

Ian- Most of them are about leaving Southern Comfort.Like "Desert Inn" is about that, and "Hinge" and "Never Ending"...the same thing. There's about four.

T- There's the feeling I got from "Morgan The Pirate", that a very close friend of yours was doing himself in,and that there was nothing you could do about it,except letting him know you did know that and wish him the best of luck.

Ian- "Morgan" was hard to get into, the way it should have been. I mean,I don't know how it should have been. I just hoped that that was the way it was supposed to be.Slightly aggressive.

T-The basic beat gave it it's aggressiveness.

Ian- Yeah.And sort of slightly bitter in the vocal sound.

T-As if what you're doing is too bad, but you're doing it?

Ian-Yeah, it came over with you. Farina was an incredible man. With Fairport,we used to do "Reno" on stage; like four years ago, it used to be a regular stage song for two years,but we never recorded it ever.I've sort of been waiting.I don't think Southern Comfort would have been the right time to do "Reno".

T-I don't think they could've captured the right feeling.

Ian- It just seemed that this album seemed just right.

Andy-Great recording,actually.

T-I've always wondered,when you record, how many tracks do you shelve?

Ian-I try to make it a habit of wiping all the tracks I don't use on the album.Cause like with the Decca thing, they've got a hold of all the tracks...all the ones that are left,and they're gonna make another album.And this is gonna happen everytime,so most of the time, I just wipe them.You wipe them out of existence,and there's nothing they can do about them. You just say you didn't wipe them, they've just been erased.

T- Accidents.

Ian- Yeah, accidents will happen.

T-Do you think you could ever get into playing with a larger band again?

Ian- I don't really want to. I mean, if I could just go on forever playing the Bitter End, and the Troubador,and the Gaslight... that's all I want to do. The whole thing of a hit record really made me realize what can happen, if you let it.

T- You get burned.

Ian- Yeah, right. It really fucks you up.

T- Like "Woodstock" for Southern Comfort.

Ian- I think they're more on the bread trip. I think they just want to make the money while they can,and then get out,instead of a lasting thing.

T- The hit and run approach to the business.

Ian- That's what "Tigers Will Survive" is all about.

T-That's new.

Ian-Yeah, oh yeah.

T-Record companies! Investment and pay-off.

Ian-And if you're in a band you can't control it as well either,'cause there's so many people, but if you're just one person its easier to pull the strings and just say no. If I can stay where I am, y'know? I just don't want to be any bigger. Stay just as I am... I'll be happy.

Interview with Matthews and Roberts on acoustics/Richard Thompson on acoustic and electric/ and Roadie Bob on occassional bass

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Filene Center at
WOLF TRAP FARM PARK
-DAVID TANNOUS

The Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts has been open for a month and a half now, and the thing that is most striking about the shows that have been offered is their diversity.

Taking advantage of a stage and theater that in size and equipment will be surpassed in the Washington area only by the Kennedy Center, a superb natural setting that encourages visitor use of the facility before and after performances, and a special status as the only complete open-air performing center in the National Park System, the Wolf Trap Foundation, a non-profit organization responsible for the programming at the Park's Filene Center, has planned a series of attractions for all audiences that effectively shows just what Wolf Trap can do.

Under the direction of Joseph Leavitt, the Foundation has scheduled for this first season a program that ranges from the Joffrey Ballet to the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, from the New York City Opera to "Up with People," from Ferrante & Teicher to the Ann-Margret Show.

In addition to the big-name professional events, there have been a number of afternoon and evening free concerts at the Center given by the Academy National Orchestra and Chorus, part of the summer teaching program at the Wolf Trap American University Academy for the Performing Arts. And just this week, audiences saw the last performances of "Musical Theater Cavalcade" -- a wide-ranging look at the history of the musical theater, expressed in song and dance by the sixty young scholarship performers of the Wolf Trap Company, which was formed to give high-school and college-age singers and dancers their first exposure to participation in professional theater.

Add to this the number of interpretive programs at Filene Center, sponsored by the National Park Service as part of Summer in the Parks, designed to acquaint city youths with behind-the-scenes activity of the various soloists and companies playing at Wolf Trap, and you get some idea of the range and diversity of the events offered to Washington residents at the Park.

Other summer theaters in the area have brought a wide selection of performers and attractions to the city, but Wolf Trap is unique in its desire to work with the community, to establish ties with the city, both in performing and teaching, and to schedule a number of free and low-admission events so that a great diversity in its audience is assured. Before a scheduled evening performance, people are encouraged to visit the Park throughout the day, to picnic on the grass, walk through the fields and perhaps listen to a free afternoon Academy concert.

This isn't a theater designed to stand empty most of the time and come to life only for a few hours each night, when some nationally famous attraction brings in a crowd of the rich and well-tailored, willing to spend money for expensive seats.

Rather, the Park is planned to operate almost continually, with a well-chosen mix of the well-known and the obscure, the professional, the student, and the amateur, the international, the national and the local on its list of attractions. Among the audience, one can see at any one time a corresponding mix of the Beautiful People, providing a certain kind of color with pink dress jackets and thigh-slit midis, the Citizens, in sports clothes and sensible dresses, and the Freaks, in anything at all.

"Fairfax at Filene" on Sunday, July 11, was a good example of the kind of community interaction carried on at Wolf Trap. Sponsored by the Fairfax County Cultural Association, the day was planned to offer a variety of attractions from noon almost to midnight. During the afternoon, the meadow next to the Park Service Headquarters held an art show, with paintings and sculpture completed in the last year by Washington area artists. At 3:00 p.m., the Academy National Orchestra and Chorus presented a free two-hour program culminating in the Brahms' Fourth Symphony. And that evening at 8:30 in Filene Center, the program featured ballet, madrigal singing, Spanish dancing, a soprano recital, and a number of short orchestral selections.

The afternoon art show exhibited an unexpected sense of movement as the pieces were rushed back and forth between a nearby barn and their display stands in response to the intermittant rain, but in the rare moments of calm, I was able to see a number of interesting works. It's easy to come to these neighborhood art shows with a sense of condescension, and it's true that a number of artists in such affairs won't know their Matisse from their elbows, but some do, and there are always a few good surprises.

Here, they were provided by Anne Dawson, whose two oil paintings used deep colors and strong, simplified forms, as well as an imaginative deployment of the blank canvas, to create attractive scenes from the familiar still life ingredients of bottles, bowls, and cloth. I also liked B. O'Mara's batik work "Cat's Cradle," which arranged lines of white on blue in complex geometric forms like diagrams of crystals; and Kristin Aufdenberg showed a fine combination of colors and shapes that transformed what could have been a rather ordinary landscape in "Eagle Boxax Works," a woodcut and silkscreen.

That evening, the concert showed as much eclecticism as the art show; unfortunately, arranged as it was in a linear fashion, it wasn't possible to skip the boring parts to enjoy only what was good.

The Virginia Ballet Company, composed of earnest youngsters trying very hard, had at least a fiery Carabosse in Christine Collins, who made her parts of the Sleeping Beauty excerpts easy to watch. The George Marshall High School Madrigals were unexceptionable, if overlong, and the Spanish dancer, Raquel Pena, though excellent, had her work perhaps misplaced in a program that concentrated otherwise on a traditional classical repertoire.

The highlight of the evening, what made it worthwhile to sit there in the increasing cold as the hours passed, was soprano Lauretta Young. Singing pieces of Purcell, Menotti, Gershwin, and Cilea, as well as some traditional spirituals, she threw her voice seemingly without effort into the huge theater and presented some perfectly beautiful sounds. Her tour de force was the "Hello Aria" from Menotti's "The Telephone." Here, an effortless combination of laughing and singing, together with a completely clear diction, made the song a delight and earned Miss Young well-merited and sustained applause.

The professional attractions at Wolf Trap this summer all came with excellent reputations; some of the performances lived up to the advance billing; others did not.

The New York City Opera was one that did. On Wednesday, July 21, Beverly Sills opened in "Lucia di Lammermoor" to a capacity audience, who knew before the performance began that they were going to get something good. The only question was whether Miss Sills was in good voice; she was, although the same could not be said for her tenor, Michele Molese, who had a cold, grew steadily weaker, and was replaced for the third act. Miss Sills carried on in exemplary fashion, but for me, the interesting part of her performance was not so much her singing, which was predictably gorgeous, as it was her acting.

The term "singing actress" is sometimes applied to those divas who, having realized that they can't just stand center front while they sing, make a few moves up and down the stage from time to time. This isn't the way Sills approaches her craft: in a radio interview the following day she maintained her view of opera as "drama with music," and stated that the singer "must be suited to the part, and must have some kind of dramatic interpretation of the role."

There is some question as to whether Sills follows her first rule when she plays Lucia: it's rather hard to imagine this big robust red-head allowing herself to be bullied by a couple of men into doing something she doesn't want; one rather expects her to land a couple of rights to the jaw, or at least give them the back of her hand. But there is no doubt that she has a dramatic interpretation of the role. This was revealed that evening not only in the big moments, but in the little, half-noticed things she did -- all the bits and pieces that add up to a great performance.

For example, take what happened at the end of Act I. Edgardo and Lucia have sworn their love, sung their duet, and now must part. As Edgardo runs off stage right and the curtain starts to descend, Lucia moves to the parapet to watch him go. Sills continued that look even after the curtain was halfway down, when the applause had begun, when presumably she could have relaxed her pose, and moreover, as the tenor reappeared briefly downstage, she anxiously turned her head to follow his movement, for all the world as though she really were in love and wanted to keep him in sight as long as possible.

Another example was in Act II, after Lucia's brother Enrico has tried his best to threaten and cajole her into an expedient but unwanted marriage. As Enrico leaves, and Lucia waits for her advisor Raimondo, she moves backstage and sits on a long bench. Sills made the move haltingly, giving the impression that she didn't quite know what to do, and as she sat down, she allowed herself to drop with a heavy bump the last three inches, in just the kind of semi-collapse that occurs to someone who's thoroughly exhausted.

This care to detail of characterization was found throughout her performance, and it helps to explain how Sills has attained her present standing; it isn't all done with the voice.

The same kind of attention seems to be the rule in all New York City Opera productions. Certainly Patricia Brooks showed it the following night in "La Traviata," when she presented a Violetta that was ravishing not only physically and vocally, but emotionally as well. Her "Sempre Libera" wasn't just a showcase for her voice -- she sang, and acted, as though she really were a woman who couldn't decide whether or not to keep her freedom or to take this fascinating new lover, who along with his romantic ardor had the capacity for bringing her a lot of pain.

Unfortunately, the Joffrey Ballet didn't fulfill expectations in anything like the same degree. Seeing the last performance, on Saturday, July 10, I found that the technical brilliance of the dancers couldn't offset the effect of the wretched choreography.

The best part of the evening was the first few minutes of the first ballet, "Trinity," as the dancers introduced themselves, each in a single glowing color, in cross-leaps from either side of the stage. From then on, it was downhill. The music for "Confetti" -- Rossini's "Semiramide" overture -- was ill-chosen; it couldn't provide the kind of unceasing headlong flow that the dance demanded, and when the music lagged, the dancers followed suit, and so did my interest.

"Abyss" used pop psychology and a series of unrelated movements to tell a story that would seem melodramatically out-of-date even on daytime TV. The problem here, as with the following selection -- the famous "Astarte" -- was that none of the dancers' actions seemed connected to anything that had gone before or came after; there was no sense of inevitability or invention about what they did -- it was just one thing after another.

Compare this set of uninspiring exercises with the performances that the Paul Taylor troupe put on at the Sylvan Theater on July 2 and 3. Affiliated with Wolf Trap through their one-month residency program with the dance section of the Wolf Trap A. U. Academy, the Taylor company had fewer dancers than the Joffrey, almost no sets, and a far smaller stage; yet they produced a trio of dances that were fresh and delightful, full of intelligence and fun. Watching the movement, you could conclude that it was extremely simple, until you tried to predict what would come next.

The Stuttgart Ballet, under the direction of John Cranko, showed a similar intelligence, and a welcome contrast with the Joffrey, in their production of "The Taming of the Shrew" on Sunday, August 8. The story line, not so complicated as in the previous evening's "Romeo and Juliet," was given a minimum explication, and time was provided for a lot of good dancing.

Marcia Haydee was the star; she showed the same willingness that Sills had, two weeks before, to sacrifice a stolid purity of line for an exploration of dramatic possibilities. As Kate, the Shrew, she held her long-stemmed lily -- a relic of her wedding bouquet -- like a whip, and she used it as one too, whenever a detestable male ventured within range. Yet she made her conversion to tender-hearted wife believable, as she demonstrated her joy at finding a husband who wanted her to be his partner, not, as she had feared, his slave.

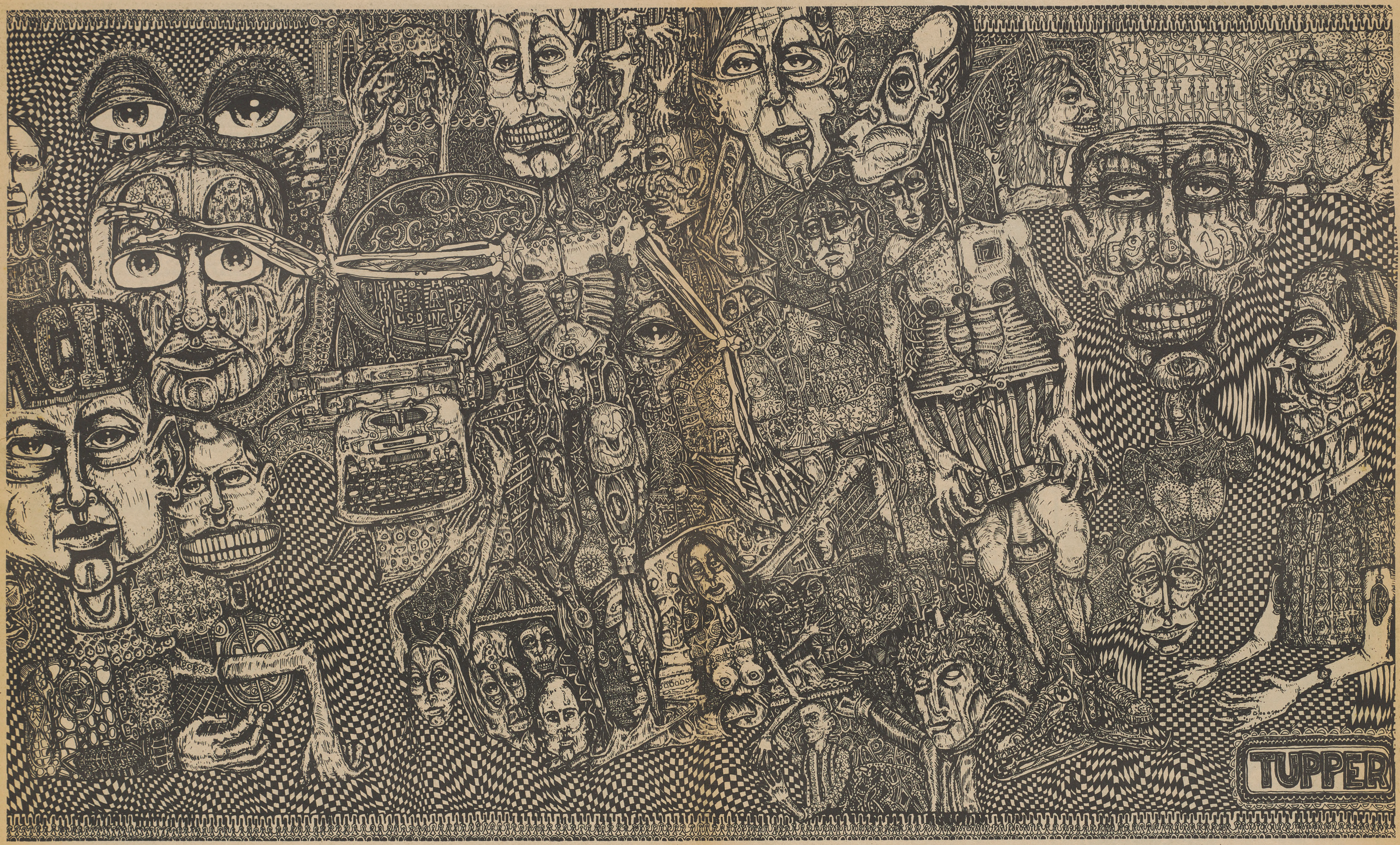
Something new was tried with the "Musical Theater Cavalcade," which ended its run on Tuesday; although it didn't quite succeed, the effort was interesting. For the occasion, the sixty young performers of the Wolf Trap Company were placed in an already-proven show designed to give the spotlight to as many of them as possible; their coaches for the roles were a group of professionals headed by composer-conductor John Green and stage director Robert Lewis.

The result was similar to what must actually have happened in all those Andy Hardy movies when Paul Whiteman came to town to lead the high school band. What we saw was a slick production inhabited somewhat uncertainly by the kids, like a young boy in his uncle's dress suit. Some of the performers were good, some were bad, and some couldn't be heard, but few of them gave the impression of being professional.

In general, the dancers were better than the singers, who often had trouble as they began, although most of them finished on a clear note -- usually delivered stage front with arms outstretched. Among the dancers, Don Johnson, Sherry Londe and Kevin McKenzie stood out: Johnson and Miss Londe in a perfectly-timed, spirited and very funny apache number danced to Offenbach's music in the first part of the show, and McKenzie as the leader in the "Hornpipe" in the second half, with music from Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel." Thomas Holliday, Roger Lucas, Osceola Davis, and Robert Williamson displayed the most assurance among the singers, managing both to project their lyrics and produce a good tone.

The Company will increase their number to 100 and reconvene next summer, perhaps with some of the same performers, and plans are being made for a number of productions -- with one of them original -- and a post-season tour. What was offered this year, although not completely professional, was fun, and it demonstrated the practicability of maintaining a permanent resident company.

Still to come in August are a grand final concert by the Academy National Orchestra, Chorus, and Dancers this Saturday, the Orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider, with Pablo Casals as guest conductor for the Mozart Symphony No. 35. The following week will see appearances by B. B. King, the Carpenters (sold out), the National Folk Festival Association, and the Edwin Hawkins Singers, among others. In September, the high-lights will be the Arthur Fiedler Pops Concert and the Ann-Margret Show (Sept. 9 - 11 only). Then Filene Center will close for the season; plans already are forming for an extended run and perhaps an even better schedule next summer.


TUPPER

NOTES tom shales

"The Omega Man"-Neighberhoods
"The Devils"-The Fine Arts
"The Clowns"- Outer Circle II
"Checkers Speech"-Inner Circle
"On Any Sunday"-Outer Circle I

Ken Russell has got to be kidding.

Yes, yes, that's it, Kenny's only kidding. "The Devils" is his latest joke, either the queasiest black comedy of the year or the craziest optic carnival since his previous mess, "The Music Lovers". SEE the depraved hunchback nun! SEE the wasp attack the cakey nipple! SEE Louix XIII dressed in three seashells! And BY the way--have you written to mother this week? It might be a nice idea.

One thing that is not usually a problem with Ken Russell movies--uou don't really have to wonder what message he is getting at. He is not Mr. Subtle. Yet, in his frenzy, by its very frenzied nature, there may be a screaming sort of subtlety--as subtle, in fact, as a scream--and "The Devils" is not the total disaster--nor indeed, part of a plot to corrupt the morals of moviegoers--that some horrified presspeople have claimed, their arms thrown up in alarm. The fact that there are gruesome scenes in this picture is not its claim to failure. Russell has a fondness and indeed an affinity for grotesques, and he establishes from the film's first shot the fact that he is not doing history here so much as using history, to paint in fact a very moral picture of what happens when sexuality is repressed.

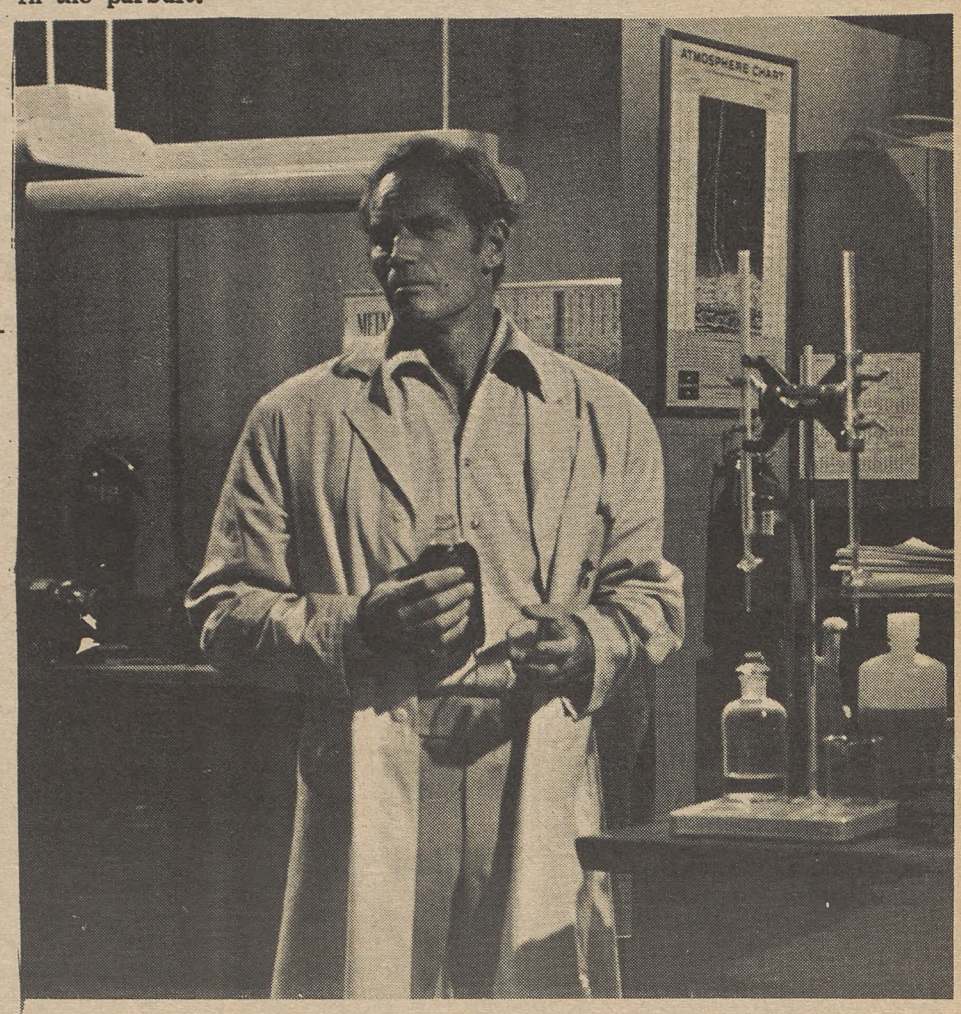
His screenplay assaults aristocracy by any name--especially that resulting when church and state get together for an alliance always highly unholy. Louis XIII takes potshots at blackbirded Protestants as a lark while Cardinal Richelieu ponders new ways to take his megalomaniacal Catholocism several steps farther. They are a fiendish pair, but the force they oppose in this film, Father Grandier--a priest who does not fancy self-denials of the flesh--is weakly playes by Oliver Reed, an actor whose words often evaporate before they even leave his mouth.

Worse, Russell establishes this character, or this symbol, with his usual contrived evasiveness. One honestly wants to grab the director by the shoulders and plop him down in his canvas chair (do they still use those? Russell must) and force him to leave everything the hell alone so we can get a fix on who's who and where's what. He can whip up the hysterics later and, in fact, thereby heighten their effect. "The Devils" is really zonkers from the outset. It has nowhere to go but chaos, and that's where it heads.

The grovelling and drooling, also, gets a bit funny. Try as she may to invest the character with some recognizable humanity, Vanessa Redgrave's posturings and pratfalls as the nun become unfortunately ludicrous. Russell's shots of tongues hanging out and eyes rolling may be consistent with the accelerated emotionalism of the picture, but they are still far less than immaculate conceptions. You find yourself either giggling or saying "Oh come now." But the oh-come-now of them all is Michael Gothard's performance as Father Barre, chief inquisitor, hippie torturer and sayer of the silliest sooths. His blatantly contemporary physical appearance is supposed to tell us something and his orgasms--and his surefore mortality--can lead him to foolish mysticisms of many varieties, Catholocism being not the only fucked-up fabrication by which people ruin their lives. There are hundreds of others, and Gothard may represent them all, in a way.

The film's most vital statement is summed up in the nun's crucifixion fantasy, probably the only scene in the film to justify its own outrageousness with proportionate effect (altho the final burning at the stake may be another). The nun dreams of a lovely Christ coming down from the cross to have his pierced hands lovingly licked clean--by her, of course. In this compelling moment, Russell seems to be getting at the psychological basis for Christianity's pathological obsession with guilt and suffering--perhaps the sickest and most enduring of all its precepts, and the one that compelled Bernard Shaw to rename it "crosstianity."

"The Devils", then, is an awful horror you should probably see. But not in all seriousness, just in some. Indeed, if Ken Russell really is kidding, this could be a far better film than it seems. Youmay find yourself admiring at least the singularity of his visions and the zealousness--okay, the zeal--with which he pursues them. He just tramples too much in the pursuit. ———



When a 1975 SinoSoviet war goes from nuclear to chemical, almost everybody drops dead except Charlton Heston. That sounds reasonable enough. It is the premise of "The Omega Man," Boris Sagal's fast flying sci-fi thriller that helps rescue this neglected genre from the drab "factuality of "The Andromeda Strain". Directors who want to make cerebral, superserious sci-fi have to be very careful. Stanley Kubrick pulled a miracle with "2001" because sci-fi is basically spectacle and not the place for intellectualizing. Just the more obvious and still viable semi-moralisms about man and technology, technology and man-- the technology, be it a smartass computer or a giant crazed turnip with an appetite for Minneapolis, usually an easily recognizable extension of some part of the human psyche. It is, even for this seeming rigidity of theme, a wonderfully potent platform which can be both classically simple and pleasingly profound.

The value of simplicity has somewhat escaped Sagal and the screenplaywrights John William and Joyce H. Corrington in "Omega Man", and they have tried to toss in too much of too many things. Now its a sci-fi movie, now it's a horror movie, now its a goddamn James Bond Bullitt movie, now it's a coyly postponed interracial kiss peace-and-love movie. Indeed, it takes a long time to set up the whole situation, which is more complex than it sounds, and the protagonists are only just delineated when the plot reverts to a comparatively placid story of saving a little boy who suffers from a bad case of the plague.

Oh yes, the plague. Lo, there came upon the face of the earth a dreadful scourge which turneth the eyes all white and googly (a neat effect reminiscent of Ray Milland's photogenic affliction in Roger Corman's "The Man with the X-ray Eyes"). The plague works in mysterious ways. It can bump you off in a bang or squeeze you off in months of whimpers--and this peculiarity is a little too peculiar to be fully believable; a sudden plot twist reveals why it exists in the first place and thereby weakens it and the whole film. The twist--with a lead character developing a real quickie case--is unnecessary, but so are a lot of the "ingredients" in this picture. Just that--too many are too clearly formula components in carefully measured amounts--a little shaded nudity to get a GP and not an R, achase seene at regular intervals Just In Case (at least one of them, replete with smashing car-crash, quite unmotivated), a calculated slurp of blood here and there.

Still, it's lots of fun and the action is sensational--cars, motorcycles, helicopter, the whole fleet's in this picture. Second unit director Joseph Canutt (son of Yakima) should really get more credit than Sagal. And Anthony Zerbe, who plays Mathias, the leader of a plagued cult patterned after today's pre-Armageddon spiritual families, should maybe get more credit than Heston, because he is a swell villain. Somebody's cuts have erased the significance of the fact that Mathias was once a TV opinionator (we see him, sans plague, in flashbacks) but otherwise Zerbe's presence is compelling. He once acted at Arena Stage, and so did Rosalind Cash, who plays the last woman on earth and manages to juggle a somewhat inconsistent character into acceptability.

Other annoyances in "Omega Man" include a useless cross-plug for Warner's "Woodstock" film at the beginning of the picture (we're apparently supposed to see deep irony in the contrast between the peace-love the and the awful morning after of 1975) and Ron Grainer's music, which can be very good at the suspenseful moments (and there are many as Heston searches a deserted city for members of the family) and suddenly trite and tinkly during crises. This is probably the lingering influence of Mancininess--aimless doodling OK for comedy but ruinous to drama. Otherwise, "The Omega Man" is a rouser and agreeably exciting in a thouroughly welcome Saturday Afternoon manner. ———

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Fellini's "The Clowns" sure is pretty. A childhood trip and a perceptive look into the funhouse mirror. The mirror reveals a soul beneath the twisted face, an ingratiating dumb passion which Fellini knows and shows so well. I love the way his camera moves, the way this film never seems like a "documentary" except for a few minutes near the middle, Nino Rota's musical reprises from past Fellini films (all circus dreams at that) and the way Fellini debunks those who use film to render the sublimely ridiculous and portentous and mundane. See this movie stoned? Fellini movies are their own high. They are enough by themselves (a few are too much but, like too much chocolate pudding, you revel in the gluttony as it's going down). They are the best dreams money can buy.

It turns out that Richard Nixon is funnier than Lenny Bruce. At the Inner Circle, the late Lenny must compete postumously with the everlate Milhous, whose 1952 Checkers speech has been revived as camp comedy at it's most frightening. Hey wait--this is not a parody, this is not a hoax, this is reality circa Joe McCarthy, Howdy Doody, the roller derby and Dave Garroway. Dick was making things perfectly clear way back then, fresh from his mad prosecutions of Hollywood writers and everybody else under the sun who saw him and his ghouls for what they were. Help! Is it real? Pat doesn't even blink! She sits there on the couch watching for wrinkles in Dick's white shirt. She got that shirt white herself, you remind yourself. Whiter than white. She wears a cloth coat--and does she dry Dick's wet feet with her hair? Oh, she must. But they are more than funny, and less than monstrous, because they are sad. Because they are losers who will never really realize it. For all the cunning and calculation of the speech, Dick emerges somehow childlike and innocent, with jam on his face and baseball cards in his back pocket. This is indeed, a great performance, a translucent moment in American history, a capsulization of the fifties and a fine companion piece to the Lenny Bruce excerpts from the old Steve Allen latenight show and Jack Kerouac's charming digression, "Pull My Daisy."

Bruce Brown has sworn--promised--that "On Any Sunday" will be his last film, and that's fine. He is a lousy moviemaker with a good brain for hot subjects. This time it's motorcycle racing, and the footage tends to be unremarkable, hokey and cornball, but it's still terrific to watch: those bikes. The professional racing stuff is especially dull--we see Mr. Dull, Jim McKay, of Wide World of Sports, to emphasize that fact. Brown tries to invest the competitors with some semblance of humanity, but they are dullards pure and simple. Out on the open dirt, the guys who race because they like it are much more enjoyable to watch. One, named Malcolm, is especially amiable and the whole movie should have been about him.

Brown's narration is just as bad as his yackety yacking on "Endless Summer", though this time there is no racist jibberish about Africans being bloodthirsty cannibals. If he would shut up, just once in awhile, and stop repeating and repeating about how dangerous everything is, we could all take off with this thing and stay up there. But even when he does stop for breath, there is still Dominic Frontiere's horrendously banal twang-and-twitter music, complete with ersatz Jim Webb title tune, to bug us. If Brown really keeps his word and never does make another movie, it will still be one too many. Perhaps fortunately for us, he made 10 million bucks on "Summer" and doesn't even have to do commercials to stay comfortable.

'AND SO FORTH: "The Go-Between" has just opened at the Fine Arts. The fact that Joseph Losey directed it and Harold Pinter wrote it guarantee enough that it is worth seeing. Julie Christie and Alan Bates are in it. Add two more points..... The underground newspaper ads for Peter Fonda's "The Hired Hand" differ from the dignified establishment press ads. The latter just show Peter's frizzled face and make casual reference to "Easy Rider". The former rveals his naked torso bound by ropes, one of them drawn tight across his left nipple. What does this say about what?.... The Bigraph Theatre's sci-fi series was too limited in scope and further hampered by poor projection and prints in a state of spaghetti. They should refund money or cancel features when the print quality is this shitty (as in the case of Jack Arnold's outstanding "It Came From Outer Space", which shouldn't be shown anyway unless you can get hold of a 3-D print, which you can't).

Oh, and if "Drive, He Said" ever opens here, be sure to see it twice.

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PART II

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SUN.-MON. AUG. 22-23	TWO ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS Fellini's *La Strada*	&	Kinugasa's *Gate of Hell*
TUE.-WED. AUG. 24-25	Orson Welles in Carol Reed's *The Third Man*	&	John Huston's *The Kremlin Letter* Richard Boone Orson Welles
THUR. AUG. 26	George C. Scott in Richard Lester's *Petulia*	&	Michael Caine *Alfie*
FRI. THRU SUN. AUG. 27-29	Academy Award Winner *Closely Watched Trains*	&	Costas Gavras *The Sleeping Car Murder* Yves Montand Simone Signoret
MON.-TUE. AUG. 30-31	Marx Bros *Room Service*	&	Charlie Chaplin *The Circus* plus Beatles in *Help*
WED.-THUR. SEPT. 1-2	Lindsay Anderson's *If...*	&	*The Strawberry Statement*
FRI. THRU MON. SEPT. 3-6	Academy Award Winner Maggie Smith *The Prime of Miss Joan Brodie*	&	Peter Sellers *I Love You Alice B. Toklas*
TUE. THRU THUR. SEPT. 7-9	Robert Downey's *Putney Swope*	&	Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool*
FRI.-SAT. SEPT. 10-11	Albert Finney Audrey Hepburn *Two for the Road*	&	Woody Allen *Take the Money and Run*
SUN. SEPT. 12	Beatles *Yellow Submarine*	&	Michael Todd's *Around the World in 80 Days*
MON.-TUE. SEPT. 13-14	Godard's *Weekend*	&	*The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*
WED.-THUR. SEPT. 15-16	Sam Peckinpah's *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* Jason Robards Stella Stevens	&	Alain Delon in Jack Cardiff's *Naked Under the Leather* (The Girl on the Motorcycle)
FRI.-SAT. SEPT. 17-18	Mel Brook's *Twelve Chairs*	&	Gene Wilder Donald Sutherland *Start the Revolution Without Me*
SUN.-MON. SEPT. 19-20	Michael Simon in Claude Berri's *The Two of Us*	&	Jean Louis Trintignant in Eric Rohmer's *My Night at Maud's*
TUE. THRU THUR. SEPT. 21-23	Antonioni's *Blow-up*	&	Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*
FRI. THRU MON. SEPT. 24-27	Catherine Deneuve in Louis Bunuel's *Tristana*	&	Catherine Deneuve in Louis Bunuel's *Belle de Jour*
TUE.-WED. SEPT. 28-29	Alan Bates in John Frankenheimer's *The Fixer*	&	Sidney Lumet's production of Chekhov's *The Sea Gull* Vanessa Redgrave James Mason
THUR. THRU SAT. SEPT 30 - OCT. 2	D. H. Lawrence's *Virgin and the Gypsy* Joanna Shimkus Franco Nero	&	Eric Rohmer's *La Collectionneuse*
SUN.-MON. OCT. 3-4	Jean Gabriel Albicocco's *The Wanderer*	&	Anjelica Huston Assaf Dayan in John Huston's *A Walk with Love and Death*
TUE.-WED. OCT. 5-6	Benjamin Christensen's *"Haxan"* Witchcraft Through the Ages (1922) Sweden. One of cinema's most strangely erotic films, it is full of informational data for students of witchcraft	&	Serge Parajanov's *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (Wild Horses of Fire)
THUR. OCT. 7	*The Russians Are Coming*	&	*The McKenzie Break*
FRI.-SAT. OCT. 8-9	Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*	&	*The Fifth Horseman Is Fear*
SUN. THRU TUE. OCT. 10-12	Kurusawa's *Red Beard* Toshiro Mifune	&	Academy Award Winner Hiroshi Inagaki's *Samurai—Part 1* (Legend of Musashi) Toshiro Mifune
WED. OCT. 13	*Battle of Britain*	&	Tony Richardson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade* Trevor Howard Vanessa Redgrave
THUR. OCT. 14	MELINA MERCOURI IN JULES DASSIN'S *Topkapi*	&	*Phaedra*
FRI. OCT. 15	*Zorba the Greek*	&	*The Sicilian Clan*
SAT. OCT. 16	*Tom Jones*	&	*That Man from Rio*
SUN.-MON. OCT. 17-18	James Joyce's *Ulysses*	&	John Cassavetes' *Faces*
TUE. WED OCT. 19-20	TWO KUROSAWA CINEMA MASTERPIECES First Showing in Washington of 3½ hour uncut version *Seven Samarai*	&	*Yo Jimbo*
THUR. THRU SUN. OCT. 21-24	Sir Michael Balcon's *Dead of Night* (1946) Michael Redgrave	&	David O. Zelznick's production *The Most Dangerous Game* (1932) Fay Wray, Joel McCrea

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JAZZ

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by stephen allen whealton

Black Americans have made music ever since they were brought here. The story of their musical talents and tradition is presently shown in the body of jazz traditions which we now have. Most persons who have an interest in black music know something about the history of blues, rags, and the other various kinds of music which melded to form jazz.

Until recently, however, serious musicological study of black music had been rare. On the one hand, regular musicologists did not normally consider black music to be worthy of study. On the other hand, persons dedicated to black music did not feel that serious analysis of their product could be helpful. Indeed, it is easy to understand how one might feel that cold, mathematical dissection of black men's product would seem irrelevant, distracting, and inhuman.

Washington, D. C. has its share of black-music researchers, now. Some work in the music departments of the local universities, such as Howard University, Federal City College, and D. C. Teachers College. One such researcher, however, works on his own, devoting virtually all of his time to a personal interest in black music and its origins. This person is Thornton Hagert; collector, musicologist, trumpet-player, and delver into the wellsprings of black music.

Tony Hagert has a large collection of records, sheet music, and books dealing with black music and black culture. These are not for him a reserve of memorabilia, but rather a resource, from which he gleans information about black musicians.

The first black music to be written down is not exactly known. The first definitely established music written down by black men was published during the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Soon thereafter, black men were writing down their most characteristic music for their own use. This writing-down process was not the general rule, but it was an increasingly common exception by 1900.

By 1900, also, black music had begun to invade the white man's world directly. Ragtime piano compositions were more or less normally put on paper and published, for the white buying public was interested in buying and playing these pieces.

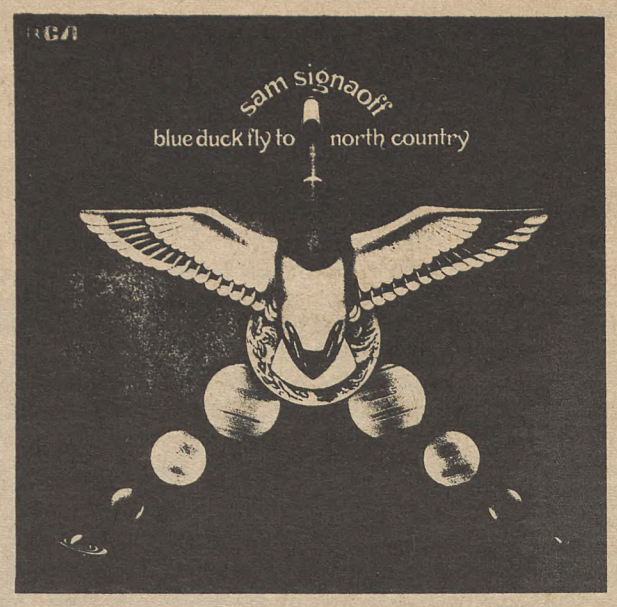
With the white man's interest in black music, however, came the white man's influence on black music. By the time the black musicians could reap financial rewards for their work and for their talent, they also had to put up with musical distractions, both stylistic and otherwise.

Studying the black music of this period, Tony Hagert is striving to close a gap of knowledge. He wants to research and to understand the interesting, characteristic, and vital black music which was made during the period before tin-pan-alley influence increased to the point of great influence upon black music. The roots of jazz are his concern.

Tony plays trumpet in a local band which plays some of this music. They have a new recording on Fat Cat Jazz label. It can be obtained at Discount Records. The band is not a slick, professional outfit composed only of full-time musicians. Rather it is a collection of men who play music which comes from the early jazz era and before. Among the composers of pieces on their new disc are Ma Rainey, Eubie Blake, Louis Armstrong, and Duke Ellington. Except for Eubie Blake's "Fizz Water," these pieces come from the period after jazz had come into being. Some of the titles of pieces played by the band include: "Back O' Town Blues," "See See Rider," "Hot Ralston," and "New Orleans Hot Scop Blues." Not all of these pieces have been written by black men, but all come from musical styles dominated by black musical traditions.

The record costs $5.00. It is a fine introduction to these various kinds of black musical traditions covered in this article. In addition, it is a modest, low-budget affair; produced by men who play because of their interest in the music.

Tony Hagert is always interested in extending his contact with early black music and with persons who are knowledgeable or interested in it. If you have a genuine interest in this important period in American musical history, or if you have some information which might be of use to Tony, write to him in care of Vernacular Music Research / 1601 North Randolph Street / Arlington, Virginia / 22207.



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Book Review

PRISON JOURNALS OF A PRIEST REVOLUTIONARY-by Philip Berrigan, Ballantine Books, Paperback, $1.25, 225 pages.

Society, or the "womb of collective illusion", as Thomas Merton once wrote, prides itself on tolerance. The men who hold the pens that legislate our lives have always articulated the stability of collective power that follows freedom of expression. The citizenry, they tell us, must be heard. Demonstrations of dissent, at least for now, are permitted and the press, if it can survive the tirades of men like Agnew and others of his fear-bred nature, are avenues of freedom the populace can travel on--at a certain speed. And the vote, of course, is that ultimate freedom which carries us over the stormy issues and provides us with such alchemical wonders as Richard Nixon at the end of the political rainbow. The "collective illusion", thus, continues with plenty of birth-rites: family, school, military, taxes, tea and tolerance. Most of us, for one need or another fear, still hold onto some of those illusions. Most of us are tolerable. But certain men and women, reading the ecclessiastical message in the light of stark involvement, surmount the idea that all things have their season. They discover, because they have chosen to decide, that there is a time to be unborn. Philip Berrigan is such a person, and PRISON JOURNALS OF A PRIEST REVOLUTIONARY is a book that reveals the return of one man to that starting point we have all seemingly lost.

Phil Berrigan's name, following J. Edgar Hoover's charges of conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow-up heating tunnels in Washington D.C., filled the front pages for a good period of time. Even while in Danbury Prison, Connecticut, serving sentence for the attack he carried out with other Catholics on draft boards in Baltimore and Catonsville, Maryland, Fr. Berrigan was not free of continued government harrassment. The personage of this man, the relentless challenging of illegitimate authority, in or out of jail, not only keeps the lights burning in the Vatican but also prompts men like Mitchell and Hoover to call for grand juris to investigate paper and paranoia.

PRISON JOURNALS, unlike They Call Us Strangers, an early call for the Catholic Church to face the issue of racism, is a book written from the solitude of jail; notes penned in a writing that is devoid of seconf thoughts about his place. The man, from the beginning of his career as an activist, knew that his actions would inevitably close metal doors between him and the world he loves. In the first chapter of the book, "Can We Serve Both Love and War?", he writes: "People have, I would say, two problems when they try to serve love. The first is to know themselves; the second is to know what they must be." Fr. Berrigan knows that to be a free man in this society one has to risk freedom, and sometimes, one has to be "criminal". The answer to both questions is the man himself.

Though much of the book is a collection of statements and papers published prior to his jailing, the title still serves the content: reflection, the renewal of self that comes from seperation, and unbirth. The introduction by his brother, Fr. Dan Berrigan, "The Breaking of Men and the Breaking of Bread", is the review that should be read.

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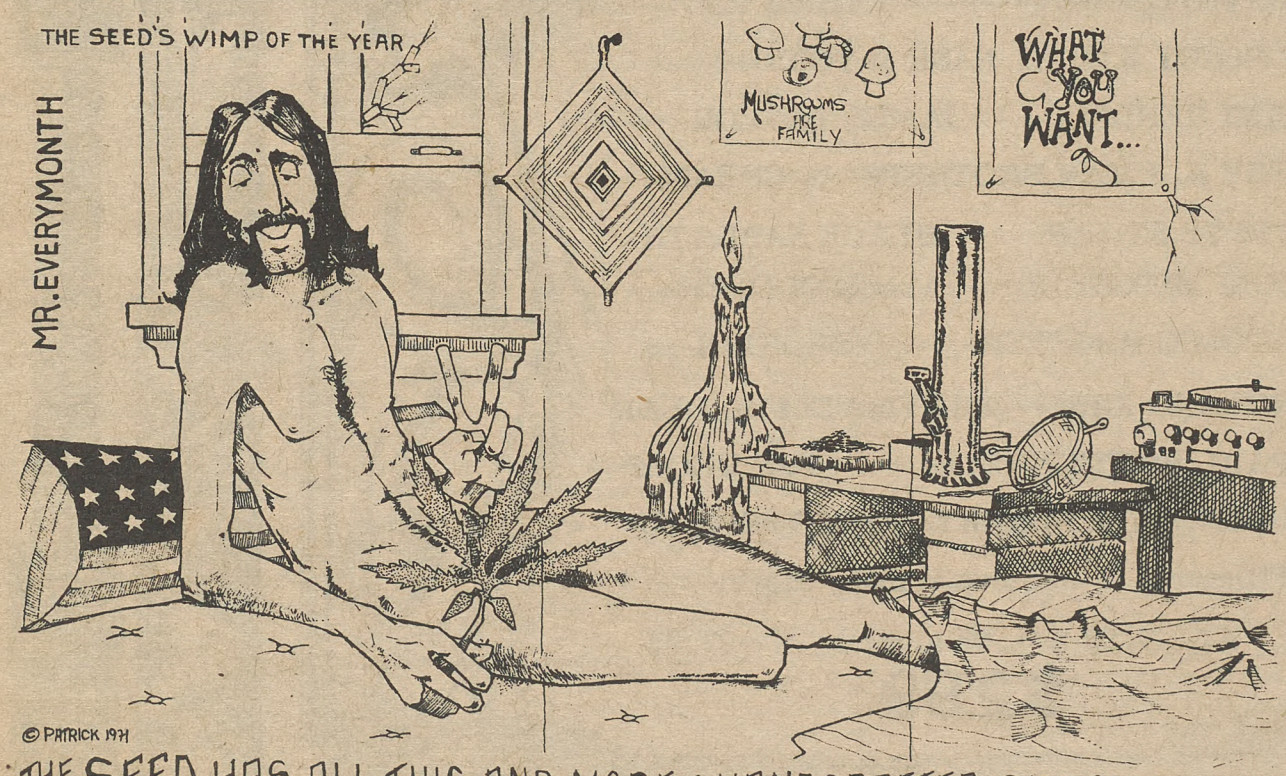

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COUNTERNOTES

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CLAUDE JONES-Sykesville-(Sweet Breeze)- Claude Jones is following the first recording procedures of CountryJoe and the Fish and the Flamin' Groovies by putting out an EP (extended play, five songs) record on their own label. If reaction is good enough, it will then be time to think about an album for a major record company. Hopefully the response will be big, because nobody deserves success more than this band. It's hard to believe that their record is actually out; that you can really go out and get a copy, take it home and play it over and over again whenever you want to. It's so pleasantly strange to hear these familiar songs coming out of your own s speakers.

The five songs are all original, and only one, "Lesson to Learn", has been around for awhile. The others are newer John Guernsey compositions. He is undoubtedly one of the finest songwriters in the country. And there are few singers to compare with Joe Triplett. His performance on the opening cut, "Sykesville", perfectly drives home the impact of the song. This is the kind of song Dylan might have done (or should do). In fact, at the end of the song, Guernsey sounds like the old Dylan as he half-shouts the closing lines over Triplett singing the chorus in the background. Side two is three songs running together, beginning with the record's hardest rocking tune , "Lonely", with Francis Day singing lead, into "I Talked To A Man Today", a strong Guernsey song with another great vocal by Joe, and finally "Kuan Tai", a beautiful yet strange song with Guernsey lightly singing lead and playing piano. As good as these newer songs are, they really don't stand up to some of Guernsey's earlier originals. The day can't be far off when we'll have an album of these songs, plus the band's version of other people's songs, which they usually do so distinctively they become Claude Jones songs. This record will be available in special test cities around the country, and it's really going to brighten some lives of people who have never heard them before. We're lucky; we can play the record and see them live. The fact that this record will be a collector's item is beside the point. Get it for its sixteen minutes of beautiful music.

There is already a bootleg of the Madison Square Garden Super Concert (Harrisson, Dylan, Ringo, Russell, etc.) out. Now, be warned. First, it's a lousy recording, apparently done on a cheap Craig tape recorder, so that the audience is picked up more frequently than the performers. But beyond that , the motives of the bootleggers are obviously not in tune with the motives of the concert. The concert was held to raise money for the dying and starving people of one country, and the proceeds of the sale of this particular album are not going in that same direction. So, if you're just into vicarious hippiness and want to pretend you were there, buy this bad album, and hopefully get yourself burned. But if you are at all into what the concert was trying to do, then boycott the album, and get your friends to do so also. Even better, send the money that you would have spent on it to UNICEF, where it will continue to feed and care for the people that all those superstars were working for in the first place. (I guess this is an editorial.)

Country Joe McDonald has gone another route with his new album, WAR-WAR-WAR (Vanguard VSD-79315). He nas taken the very fine war poems of Robert Service, set them to music (acoustic guitar) and has put together a powerful album. The poems deal with the First World War, but their themes are timeless and universal. As a matter of fact, one finds similarities in the lyrics to the work of two latter-day anti-war writers--Bertolt Brecht and Bob Dylan. The songs range from the pithy "The Twins"(Which tells us what we already know about who profits in war) to the long ballad of "Jean Desprez", in which one really develops a sense of knowing the people in the song. Three cuts particularly stand out, because of excellent musical settings and clear performances by Joe; "The Call", "The Man of Apnabaska" and "The March of the Dead". Service's poetry, it seems, has been somewhat neglected by young people. Maybe this album will re-tune us to both his wisdom and insight and will additionally continue the respect and admiration many of us nave for Joe McDonald. It is a very powerful album.

Mark Spoelstra's THIS HOUSE (Fantasy 8412) is a fun album from a cat who's been into the Boston folk scene for about as long as I can remember. I first heard his Folkways albums about 7 years ago, picking up on them because he played a really superb 12-string guitar. He's still playing it, especially noticeable on the instrumentals here ("Let Your Fingers Do The Talkin' "). The rest of the music is a showcase for Spoelstra's unique sense of lyrics and phrasing. At times he sounds like a funky Roger Miller (in terms of infectiousness and organization of the tunes, that is), and his tunes are reminiscent of a 40's mood-songs like "Better Butter", "Henry and Henrietta" and "Dirty Movie Show"(which is a fine ad for blue movies.)And the album ends with the subtle though powerful anti-war song, "Another Mother for Peace".

THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL AND I-Kris Kristofferson-(Monument Z30679)-Kristofferson needed a damn good album to live up to all the raving about him in the past year. He's done it. His songs are all memorable, very personal, yet songs which for the most part many people can identify with. This was the basis of much of the appeal of "Me and Bobby McGee". On the new album, we have two songs of that type, "When I Loved Her" and "Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)". They are painful, highly emotional songs, the type Kris does best. With "Billy Dee" and "Epitath (Black and Blue)" he treats essentially the same subject differently; resigned in the former and sad and bitter in the latter. Also, "Billy Dee" is quite vivid, "Epitaph" is more general and nebulous, it could have b been writen about anyone, though I'm sure people have their ideas of who it's about. The title cut, I'm told, is a take-off on an old Roy Acuff tune, "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine", or something like that. "The Taker" and "The Pilgrim-Chapter 33" are similar in the way Kristofferson plays around with words. "Jody and the Kid" is just a really nice song. He may not have a "good" voice, but his dry delivery is just what his songs call for. I've always liked his version of "Me and Bobby McGee" the best, (although maybe I better hold off judgement until I hear the Dead's version) , and I don't think other artists will have an easy time interpreting these new songs. This is shaping up as a very big album, and Kristofferson is surely deserving of all the success this will bring.

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REVOLTING-Congress of Wonders (Fantasy)- "Friends,have you tried Corn Fakes lately folks, they're cornier than ever". That's from "Radio Phil", which is the best cut on this rather uneven,sometimes hilarious,sometimes stone boring, hip comedy album. The easiest thing to view this album as is something to hold you over until the new Firesign Theatre album comes out. The danger about that is comparing the two, which is unfair. Congress of Wonders, who have been at it since 1967 on KMPX and KSAN radio in San Fransisco,are probably closer in form and material to the Conception Corporation than to Firesign, but much better than CC. "Radio Phil" has some very funny bits, especially "Big Job Cotton Swabs"(They give you sex appeal no matter where you use them, we are told),and "Giggling Gordo's Giddy City Used Cars"(where you can buy cars with "leopard skin upholstery in good condition except for spots"). There is also a funny bit called "Pidgeon Park" about the meeting of Jerry Garcia and Phil Lesh on a park bench when they're old men."Stoned Ranger" also has some merit. The rest of the album is mostly okay,non-spectacular stuff,and "Star Trip" is unfortunately an 11 minute failure. Take your chances on this one. Remember, if you're expecting a Firesign Theatre, you're going to be dissapointed.

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OSIBISA-(Decca DL 75286)-"Criss-cross rhythms that explode with happiness" is how Osibisa (pronounced Oh-see-bi-sah) describes their music. This band, made up from a mixture of Africans from Ghana and Nigeria and West Indians, is already huge in England, and will probably become quite popular in this country during their scheduled six week tour in the fall. Upon hearing this album for the first time, you'll probably think of Santana,but Osibisa really has a sound of its own. They draw their music from many sources,and sound comfortable and professional at whatever they're doing. For instance, in "Ayiko Bia" we have a good deal of chanting, big blasting horns,and some fine rock guitar. There is some great flute work in "The Dawn", and the persussion,especially in things like "Music for Gong Gong",can be devastating. One of the nice things about this album is that you can't pin it down to any one style; just when you think you're hearing jazz they come up with a great rock type guitar solo or hypnotic,penetrating organ,and then it might be back to jazz again. Luckily ,most of the album is instrumental; when they try their hand at lyrics,as in "ThinkAbout The People", things get a bit too preachy;anyway,Osibisa must be a bitch of a live band and I'm sure their tour will prove that and establish them as one of the top new groups of the year.

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AND I TURNED AS I HAD TURNED AS A BOY-Dulcimer-(Mercury SR61355)- Dulcimer is a three man British group who are heavily into lyrics. The general sound of the album is soft and gentle,with nice use of acoustic guitar,bass, and mandolin,and lead singer Dave Eaves' voive,which is similar to Marc Bolan of T.Rex. In fact,Dulcimer ventures into T.Rex territory of fantasy-music,though not as much as that group. There are some really nice things on this album, like the catchy "Time In My Life","Caravan", along cut which blends music with spoken poetry by actor Richard Todd,and "Suzanne"(Not Leonard Cohen's) is a fine song about someone we have all known at one time or another,complete with some nice 1966 Dylan harmonica. Todd is also featured in "Sonnet In The Fall",which has a beautiful,haunting guitar throughout the song."Pilgrim From The City" is well done,especially Eaves' vocal,"Mormon's Casket" utilizes some partially successful sound effects,and the "Ghost of the Wandering Minstrel Boy" is nicely done. This is a highly entertaining,impressive debut album.Dulcimer is definitely a group to watch.

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KLATU BERRADA NIKTU-The Dependables-(United Artists UAS 6799)- This one seems destined for the $1.89 bargain bins and it'll be a shame if that happens. The Dependables are guitarist Joey Stec and Singer-pianist Ralph Scala,helped on this LP by Tulsa Tops Carl Radle and Chuck Blackwell,the everpresent Claudia Lennear, Rick Nelson's pedal steel player Tom Brumley,and many other fine musicians.

Scala especially is outstanding,with an incredibly fine funky voice which comes off as a cross between soul and country, if you can imagine that. Most of the songs have a soul feel to them,with a forceful horn section led by Jim Horn. The material is versatile,though,with great treatment of R&B tunes like Ike Turner's great "Get It,Get It" and Porter-Hayes' "I Want What I Want",and a great country song, "Don't Blame Me,"with Brumley shining on pedal steel.Scala's voice adapts to any style and Stec's guitar remains sharp throughout.One sure way to save this album from oblivion would be to release "Loving You More" as a single--this is practically the perfect commercial song,it would be a million selling monster. The Dependables are a good rocking band. Don't let them get away.

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LOOKING ON-The Move-(Capitol ST-658)-The Move has had a more colorful and turbulent life than most bands.Until a year ago, none of their albums were available in this country, though a few singles filtered through and a number of Move-freaks like myself awaited their first A&M album anxiously. That was Shazam ,released in May ,1970, and it was a masterpiece,surely one of the best albums of the year. Since then, their brilliant singer Carl Wayne has left,repleaced by Jeff Lynne,and they have switched labels to Capitol. Looking On is their first LP with Lynne,and on first listenings it doesn't seem to stand up to their earlier work. But there is something of the old Move feel in the grooves. Side One is especially strong,dominated by Roy Wood,who is still one of the finest singer-guitarists around.There are very few bands who can play hard rock as well as The Move,as a listen to "Turkish Tram Conductor Blues" will tell you. The title cut is beautiful,something that might have fit in on Shazam. There is more straight hard rock on "When Alice Comes Back To The Farm"; and "Brontosauras",previously released as an A&M single. Lynne's two originals,"What?" and "Open Up Said The World At The Door" are hard to take at first but gradually sink in.I'm confident that his addition to the band is well justified. At this point I still prefer Wayne, but Lynne seems to have a great deal of potential. The Move will have a new LP out any day now, Message From the Country,and an outstanding single,"Tonight", has already been released from it.If "Tonight" is any indication,The Move are back to being excellent instead of merely great.

IN MY OWN TIME-Karen Dalton-(PAS 6008)-There seems to be cult building around Karen Dalton,a small but growing number of people who maintain that In My Own Time is the album of the year.I wouldn't go that far, but this is an exceptionally fine record,and Karen Dalton should not be overlooked. The most important quality here is her unique, soulful voice. It will take a little while before you get used to it,though. Once you do, this album is a treat. She can do other peoples' material completely her own way,which is especially evident in Paul Butterfield's "In My Own Dream", Richard Manuel's "In A Station" ,and Percy Sledge's "When A Man Loves A Woman". She moves easily from country to blues to soul, or traditional folk songs like the beautiful "Katie Cruel" and "Same Old Man". The former features some penetrating violin from ex-Crazy horse Bobby Notkoff and both tunes have Karen on banjo.She also introduces some obscure songs,such as "One Night Of Love","Are You Leaving For The Country" and Dino Valenti's "Something On Your Mind". The playing on this album,courtesy of all the top Woodstock musicians, is just right; never getting in the way of the vocals.Among others, there are Richard Bell and Ken Pearson from the Full Tilt Boogie Band, bassist extraordinaire Harvey Brooks (who produced the album) and guitarist John Hall. This is well worth picking up on, as is her obscure debut album on Capitol, released over two years ago.The number of Karen Dalton followers is sure to grow.

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FROM THE WITCHWOOD-The Strawbs-(A&M SP4304)-The Strawbs make timeless,majestic music. The roots of their music go far back to traditional English folksongs,although all the songs here are originals.The music is the kind that for some reason only British musicians can make. The talents of Dave Cousins and Rick Wakeman are enormous.The former is a fine songwriter,and plays a stately guitar,banjo and mandolin. The latter is one of the finest keyboard players anywhere.The most impressive of Cousins' songs are the haunting title cut,"A Glimpse of Heaven", the chilling "The Hangman and the Papist" and the optomistic,encouraging "I'll Carry On Beside You". Richard Hudson's "Flight" sounds curiously like the Beatles in parts, but ends up sounding as nothing but the Strawbs. Hudson, the drummer,also contributes "Canon Dale",where he also sings and plays sitar. There is a wide variety of instruments used on the album, such as harpsichord,autoharp,clarinet, sitar on three songs,and mellotron and moog. The Strawbs have been playing and recording in England for a while now, but this is only their second album released in the United States. English folksongs are among the most beautiful music there is,and The Strawbs take it a step further. Listen to them!

Fanny is definitely the best female rock band now working. Now, to get beyond that sexist restriction, I'm happy to say that they stand up reall well in non-sexual terms as a good rock and roll band. Their new album CHARITY BALL (Reprise RS6456) is infinitely superior to their first album. This time, the months they have had to work together (mostly as the house band at the Troubador in L.A.) shows up in the fine talents they possess. In case anyone thinks that they play girlish music (which they leave to the male bubblegum bands) let it be made clear that Fanny plays rock and roll---hard. Drummer Alice de Buhr has a very heavy hand, and (noticeable because of their solos), Nickey Barclay on keyboards and June Millington on guitar are quite capable of holding their own with just about anybody. All the material (except for Steve Stills' "Special Care") is written by the group, with Barclay's five songs being particularly funky and raunchy (perhaps a result of her association with Joe Cocker and Russell's Maddogs' group.)June Millington's songs tend to be more in the ballad vein, but the best music is that good old rock and roll and it is there that the band stands out and really gets it on.

The Flying Dutchman label continues its release of controversial and important albums with two new numbers---one an interview with Angela Davis-SOUL AND SOLEDAD (FD-10141) and THE GREAT COMEDY ALBUM -Starring Spiro T. Agnew (FD-10137). The first album is a 45 minute rap between Angela and radio commentator Art Seigner(with occasional intrusions by Angela's lawyer-friend Don Wheeldin). Angela forcefully sets forth the rational reasons for revolution (standing with Lincoln's assertion that it is the duty and obligation of the people to overthrow a government if it ceases to be responsive to the needs of the people), and the so-obvious but often forgotten observation that our present day revolution is a righteous continuation of the original revolution, since freedom and equality have not been achieved, since repression is still prevalent. There is also a fairly good explanation of the situation of the Soledad Brothers. A straight, educative album.

The other album is presented in the format of a comedy album(canned laugnter frames the words of the V.P.) but the end result is very frightening. Witness Nat Hentoff quoting George Orwell in the liner notes:"The decline of a language must ultimately have political and economic causes; it is not due simply to the bad influence of this or that individual writer. But an effect can become a cause, reinforcing the original cause and producing the same effect in an intensified form and so indefinitely... (The English language) becomes ugly and innacurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts." And stupid, evil thoughts, the worst perpetrator of which is Agnew. This ugly man is caught well, and if you listen to him, you realize he's not funny, only dangerous and meant to be dealt with.

Edgar Winter's second album WHITE TRASH (Epic E30512l) is much harder, fuller and complete than his essentially-jazz first album. He's surrounded himself with six superb, well-traveled musicians, and the result is an album that rocks from first to last cut. There is a lot of excellent brass work from Winter, John Smith, Mike McLellan and lead singer Jerry laCroix (who shares leads with Edgar. LaCroix's vocals are hard and gutsy, while Edgar's are more lyrical and flowing). "Dying To Live" is a tightly -paced cut reminiscent of the first album, but all the other cuts, from "Where Would I Be"and "Let's Get It On" to "Save The Planet" and others, are pure, unabashed rock and roll. All the vocals from solo-lead to group are well-done and the album is excellently produced by Rick Derringer (of Johnny's band). Probably one of the best rock and roll records currently out.

MORE COUNTERNOTES

SIMPSON (Columbia C 30476)- Make no mistake about it, this is definitely the undiscovered treasure of 1971. That this beautiful album is not being promoted and therefore not selling borders on the criminal. Simpson is Bland Simpson, a young singer-songwriter originally from North Carolina. Besides his piano, his group has only bass, acoustic guitar and drums. There is a light, pleasing country feel to his songs, and the music is always tasteful and perfectly suited to the lyrics. "Mama on My Way" and "I'm Not Leaving You Now" are country tunes with a fresh, enjoyable approach. "Crimes and Misfortunes" and "Cemetary Hill" are the closest the group gets to rock. They have gone beyond rock in the same way that The Band have gone beyond rock. Simpson's lyrics have that special Robbie Robertson touch in his ability to set scenery so well; especially scenery of times gone by as in "Detroit Gregorian". As a debut LP, this is a mind-boggling success. Most important, Simpson's lyrics are as good as any currently being written by anyone. I'd say that this album is not so much recommended as required. Get it; you won't be sorry.

HISTORIC DEAD-The Grateful Dead-(Sunflower SNF 5004)- Caution: This is for fanatic Dead -freaks only. Now, since I'm in that catagory, I really love it. But there are some reasons why many people wouldn't like it at all. For one thing, there are but four songs and only 14 minutes to a side. One of the songs, an 11 minute version of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" is so close to the version on the first album that it really doesn't matter. Typical of MGM Records, there are no liner notes so we don't know when it was recorded, although my guess would be around late 1966. And the recording quality isn't even good enough to be called poor.

But, there are those of us who will find things like the Dead doing the old Gus Cannon tune "Searchin' " too good to miss. And there is also a really nice 12 minute blues with Pigpen on vocal called "The Same Thing". Jerry Garcia sounds beautiful on this one. "Lindy" is an unexpected pleasure which will have you laughing along with lines like "Oh Mama don't you weep and moan, Uncle Sam got your man and gone/ They're doing the Lindybird across the sea." So remember, the title is right; this album's value is more historical than musical. But true Dead freaks shouldn't be without it.

SWALLOW TALES-Cochise-(United Artists UAS 5518)- Before the release of Swallow Tales, UA released a track from the album, Buddy Holly's "Love's Made A Fool Of You" as a single, amid a flood of fanfare and hype. Radio stations were recieving more copies of that record than they knew what to do with, and volumes of promotional material accompanied the records. Their version of the song was only oakay, nothing special, so I was quite cautious when I recived the album. Well, no one could live all up to the hype they got, but this album is actually quite good and deserves support. Cochise is British, and features a fine guitarist in Mick Grabham and an accomplished pedal steel player in B. J. Cole, who has been playing the instrument for nine years. He is one of the few pedal steel players who do not totally confine themselves to country music, and his work on rock cuts is interesting, as is his sound on country songs like "Down Country Girls". The band can do slower material well, as in "Strange Images", or they can fire out mean hard-rockers like "Why I Sing The Blues" (with Steve Marriott on piano and backing vocals.) "Another Day" is a nicely done slow rock song, with Cole on pedal steel. However it inexplicably ends with Grabham repeating a boring riff over and over; an addition to the song which is both a mystery and a mistake. But happily it's one of the few faults this album has. Things really jell on "Can I Break Your Heart", where the guitar is just right and the vocals and harmonies are excellent. The album ends with, I swear, Cole doing "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" on pedal steel.

BAD MANORS-Crowbar-(Paramount PAS6007)-One thing is for sure about Ronnie Hawkins' back-up bands; they're always first-rate musicians who are required to play their asses off whenever they pick up their instruments. The Band was the first Hawkins band to make it big on their own, and now Crowbar has come down from Canada with an astounding, only-one-of-its-kind album. This is totally different from the heavy-blues based first LP they did with harp player King Biscuit Boy last year. As hard as I try, I can't come up with a word or phrase to describe their music.

Most of the songs move along at break-neck speed, pushed by fiery guitar and hard pounding piano. The vocals aren't particularly great, but a great voice is not a necessity for Crowbar's goodtime, free-wheeling brand of rock. The lyrics are delightfully non-memorable, and the songs never take themselves too sreiously. In "Baby Let's Play House" they stop and yell "It's shitkickin' time!" and it's off into some yodelling (courtesy of King Biscuit Boy) and super-fast country playing. "Oh What A Feeling" is a deadly hard rocker, and it is the only song here that another group could possibly carry off, so distinctive is their music. One warning though, a casual listening to one or two songs will do nothing to you, so hearing it on the radio may not captivate you at first. So just go out and pick up a copy for yourself, just look for the gold cover with the crowbar on top. It's guaranteed to have you smiling all the way through.

KINFOLK-Leigh Ashford (RCA LSP 4520)-Crowbar isn't the only high-energy group from Canada, it seems, because now we have Leigh Ashford. This band is more tied down to good old hard rock, but rock pushed along by a dynamite piano as well as lead guitar. The lead singer does some great throaty belting, too. The lyrics are printed on the back cover, but they're not all that imprtant, so I don't really see why they were printed at all. But that doesn't matter; the playing is great, and the songs are just fine wherever they fall, be they hard-rockers like "Mighty Fine Cookin' " and "Juicy Lucy" or something slower like "Never Give Myself". On "Sicawine" they prove thay can boogie with the best of them. And I defy anyone not to go around humming the piano part in "Country Country" after hearing it two or three times. It was one of those things that you find you're singing to yourself and wondering what the hell it is and then suddenly it dawns on you: "Yeah, that Leigh Ashford album!" Be the first one on your block to pick up on Leigh Ashford.

PAUL GEREMIA-(Sire SI 4902)-Geremia is one of the few white singers who can do country blues and come out sounding believable. Although his songs are original and for the most part not out-and-out blues, his main influence is the country blues of the early 20th century South. He did an obscure LP for Folkways some years back of country blues, but this album contains only one song of that type, Blind Lemon Jefferson's "Bad Luck Blues". What we have here is a tasty, unaffected collection of songs with acoustic backup of guitar, bass, piano, and drums, and occasionally Paul's harp, and his unique voice, perfectly complimenting the material. Shining the brightest of all the songs are the first three cuts, "Bright Sunny Day", "Elegant Hobo" and "My Health Is Getting Better Too." Paul has a good grasp of what life is like for many people, and what it ought to be like for others, especially himself. I get the impression that he would be much happier living in earlier, simpler times. Listening to Paul Geremia's album is a good background for reading Jack Kerouac novels. It doesn't take much listening to Geremia to note the similarities between the two. Maybe you will bump into him while shopping at the Salvation Army sometime.

HIGH TIME -MC5-(Atlantic Sd 8285)- The 5 are back after a year's recording absence with an LP which is really no different from any of their previous material except that they're back to doing longer songs now. High Time is what you'd expect from the MC5, hard driving, high energy rock ignited by guitarists Fred Smith and Wayne Kramer and the screaming vocals of Rob Tyner. There's not a great deal of variation among the songs, especially on Side 1. "Sister Anne" leads things off, and it's probably the best cut here, with Smith and Kramer outdoing each other on guitars, Pete Kelly on fast rolling piano, and great vocal and harp work from Tyner. The other cuts on the side are basically in the same vein. Side 2 is not as powerful, being much too cluttered by self-conscious lyrics. "Poison" and "Skunk(Sonicly Speaking)" are easily forgettable. "Over and Over" is partially saved by good guitar work, though. The MC5 is primarily a live band, and their in-person energy is difficult to capture on record. But, if you like good, hard rock, and liked either of their previous albums, then you'll like this one too. I'm sure there will always be a place for the MC5.

IF YOU SAW THRO' MY EYES- Ian Matthews-(Vertigo VEL1002)-Here we have in our Injustices of the Week corner, the Billboard Magazine Top Lp Chart for July 31, which shows this fine album released over two months ago, at No. 217. Number 217!! With things like Stephen Stills 2 at No. 9 after three weeks and Graham Nash at No. 18, it's really a shame. Ian's first solo LP is better than either of Stills' albums and it would be an insult to even talk about Nash's collection of ditties and Ian's album in the same conversation.

Ian began three years ago as a member of Fairport Convention, one of Britain's finest groups also deserving of more recognition than they have now. He never played a very big role in that group, and left two years ago to form Matthew's Southern Comfort, which has quite an excellent first album with mainly country music, then a second album based mainly in traditional folk music, and then, as the group was dissolving, came their thrid album, Later That Same Year, with a hit single of "Woodstock". Now beginning a solo carreer, Ian found himself a bit of a star. If You Saw Thro' My Eyes is a fine showcase for his gentle, pleasing voice on originals like "Southern Wind", "Hearts" and "Desert Inn." There are also outstanding treatments of two Richard Farina songs, "Reno Nevada" and "Morgan the Pirate". Matthews is a strong songwriter who appears to have settled into a comfortable groove for the time being after the musical meanderings of Matthews' Southern Comfort. Whether you pick this one up or not, give a listen to the excellent first MSC album (Decca DL 75191). But really, Number 217...

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FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS -(A&M SP 4295)-On their third try, the Burritos have come up with one of the best country albums of the year, and their own best album to date. What makes this especially satisfying is coming from a band that was supposed to be dead after the loss of Gram Parsons and Chris Etheridge. The good news is that the Burritos are better than ever, due in no small part to newcomer Rick Roberts, who wrote three songs on his own and four others with Chris Hillman. Roberts' "Four Days of Rain" is my personal favorite, a song of longing like all the others on the album, but one of optimism nonetheless. "Why Are You Crying", another Roberts tune, is beautifully done with the rambling banjo of Bernie Leadon adding a nice touch to the vocal. There are also nice versions of Dylan's "To Ramona" and Merle Haggard's "White Line Fever". The album is built around the theme of longing and restlessness, but it never gets to the point where it brings you down and gets you depressed. This album is a great achievement from a truly fine band.

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THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND AT FILLMORE EAST-(Capricorn SD-2 802)- This band has only been working together for a few years, but in that time they have established themselves as the best white band playing blues and blues-rock. They are also one of the best live bands around, as this fine double-LP proves. The Allman Brothers take blues into new areas, and nothing ever sounds stale. There are few guitarists who can play like Duane Allman. His move from the rigidity of session work in Muscle Shoals to the free-form rocking of this band was one of the best things to happen to rock in a long time. His magnificent slide guitar playing on Eric Clapton's Layla album was what made that record so enjoyable for me. Duane's interplay with this band's other lead guitarist, Dicky Betts, on this new album is fantastic. Greg Allman's gritty voice come through perfectly, as does his organ playing. The two drummers, Jai Johnnu Johansan and Burch Trucks, combine with bassist Berry Oakley to form the driving rhythm section which pushes the songs along so well. The choice of material is considerate and tasteful; of the seven songs, only two were on previous albums, "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed" from Idlewild South and "Whipping Post"(over 22 minutes here) from their first LP. Side one is given to three blues standards, Blind Willie McTell's "Statesboro Blues", Elmore James' "Done Somebody Wrong" and T-Bone Walker's "Stormy Monday". There is a good 19 minute jam built around "You Don't Love Me", and also a new original instrumental, "Hot 'Lanta". Live albums usually just don't come off right, but this one does.

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NICK DRAKE's album on Capitol (SMAS9307) reminds me a lot of another fine Capitol act, the superb Mark-Almond band. Like them, Drake is into soft, sympathetic music, gentle tunes framing a voice as smooth as snow, and just as gently falling into the listener's ear. Drake is English, and just continues the curious fact that the English alone seem to be able to produce albums of such gentility so consistently. Drake is backed by sensitive musicians (including John Cale) and graced with a good taste for simplicity in arrangements. Perhaps the most commercial cut is "Cello Song", but all the material, written by Drake, flows between English folk tradition and elementary jazz. I think sometimes of albums I would like to have if I were confined to a room with only a few albums. I would include this beyond its content, for its gentle mood. In other words, a thing of beauty, and here's hoping you find it, too.

EAST OF EDEN (Harvest SW-806) is a more than competent English band who specialize in a type of music that falls into Doobie -Brothers-James Gang territory. Actually, I guess its hard to ever be without precedents or similarities, so when you get beyond that you get some very enjoyable music with its occasional English folk tradition surfacing most in "No Time" and its most blatant rock idion coming through in "Crazy Daisy". Their music is not the kind you'll find in top 40 radio---it's much better than that. It appears that they are still in a growth stage, because the album is somewhat disjointed over its variety of styles, but the talent, both instrumental and vocal is certainly there, and it seems that it may be that "next" album that will grab everybody's attention, and then we'll all go back to this one, and get into enjoying it like we should.

The Youngbloods never seem to have reached the intensity level of acceptance of the hard groups, but their fans are their best inspiration, so for the second album in a row, they have recorded live performances on a beautiful album called RIDE THE WIND(Raccoon #4), an album which perfectly captures the easy music that is their trademark. Between Jesse Colin Young's superb evocations of the lyrics and the continued empathy of the trio (rounded out by guitarist Banana and drummer Joe Bauer), one has the most together trio now working. This album contains some of their most popular songs, which come across much better off the live crowd- "Sugar Babe" and "Get Together", for example; but there are equally fine renditions of "The Dolphin" and "Ride The Wind". Banana plays his very unique brand of guitar and piano, while Young builds his net of bass lines, and the whole combination is bounced along by Bauer's tight drumming. A very mellow excursion into familiar territory.

Thoughtful Epic has delivered a reproduction of Johnny Otis' historic rhythm & blues show tnat was the unexpected hit of 1970's Monterey Jazz Festival. What Otis did was gather some of the great names of rhythm and blues, people who had in many cases fallen from the spotlight, and he brought them back, not to life (because most of them had never stopped making music) but to the public's attention. And the crowd loved them all---Little Esther Phillips, driving in "Cry Me a River Blues"; Cleanhead Vinson's swinging alto on "Cleanhead's Blues" and "Kidney Stew"; Ivory Joe Hunter tickling the keyboard; Johnny's son Shugie doing fine guitar work; singers like Margie Evans, Big Joe Turner, Ray Milton, Ray Brown, "Mighty Mouth "Evans. The whole show is there starting with a raunchy "Willie and the Hand Jive" and ending four great sides later with "Boogie Woogie Bye Bye". The album is called THE JOHNNY OTIS SHOW LIVE AT MONTEREY (Epic EG-30473) and its a great way to expend some energy and time.

PLEASE TO SEE THE KING-Steeleye Span-(Big Tree BTS2004)-Steeleye Span was formed two years ago by ex-Fairport Convention bassist Tyger Hutchings and very closely resembles the heavy traditional English folk music Fairport was into at the time. The lead vocals are handled by Maddy Prior, a very Sandy Denny sounding young lady. The guitarist is Martin Carthy, who did a number of traditional folk albums with Fairport fiddler Dave Swarbrick some years back. Rounding out the band are Tim Hart, who recently did a seperate album with Maddy, and fiddler Peter Knight.

Traditional English folk music is incredibly beautiful, but you have to have a taste for it. Steeleye Span make uncompromising music. This album is very close in form to Fairport's Liege and Lief. This type of music always tells a story, and usually it's a pretty interesting story. The titles of the songs tell you what the album is like, for example, "The Lark in the Morning", "Boys of Bedlam", "Cold, Haily, Windy Night", and "Prince Charlie Stuart". Knight winds his way through the lively jigs "Bryann O'Lynn" and "The Hag With Money". Currently they are involved with a British theatrical production of Corunna! with the Royal Court Theatre, and reportedly the marriage of theatre with a band onstage is working fine. This music may be a specialized taste, but it is well worth getting into.

THE QUINAIMES BAND-(Elektra EKS74096)-This band comes from New York City and sounds rather like the Lovin' Spoonful six years later. It's comprised of members of the Fifth Avenue Band and Jake and the Family Jewels, two bands which specialized in Spoonful-like goodtime rock. That feeling is carried even further on this album. One of the best things about them is their versatility; they can play heavy rock, like "Queequeg (Roll Them Bones)", country with Bruce Phillips' "Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia", old rock'n'roll with "Don't Knock", or an a capella song, Dylan's "Visions of Johanna."

Lead singer Dave Palmer, formerly of the Family Jewels is the star of the album, but the band is really a tight, cohesive unit. The originals are quite good. most notably "Queequeg", which paints a picture of New York street life to a steady rocking beat. "Look to Yourself" is a hard pushing rocker which makes heavy use of percussion. This has been released as a single, and righfully so. Radio stations unwisely seem to be ignoring it. Other standouts are the country rocking "Love Brings the Best Out in a Man" and "Don't Take No". The Quinaimes Band is a name to remember and an album to buy.

Tom Paxton's first album for Reprise, HOW COME THE SUN (Reprise RSo443) is somewhat different than what one might expect. For one thing there is a lot of extra instrumentation (most of it good, particularly the work of David Horowitz, who also co-authored 3 of the 9 cuts). Also, there are a lot of styles present, rather than the essential folk-ness that we nave come to associate with Paxton. In a way, I suppose, he experiments, and while some cuts don't work, some do. There is less anger and more mellowness here, almost sad observations, something of an air of resignation, in songs like "She's Far Away", "Icarus", "Little Lost Child" and "Prayer for Snow". There is still Paxton's ability to draw natural parallels ("I Had To Shoot That Rabbit" and "General Custer")- but the best times are on the last two cuts -the elegiac "A Sailor's Life"(beautifully making use of the melodica, a rarely heard keyboard instrument) and the sad title cut, with its opening line, "How come the sun didn't make it today?.. Is it tired of what it's been shining down on?". A good album by one of our best writers.

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SW-806 (Harvest)

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BRONCO
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SMAS-9309 (Island)

THE MOVE
Message From The Country

It Wasn't My Idea; The Minister; Message From The Country; The Words Of Aaron; Ben Crawley Steel Co.; Until Your Mama's Gone; No Time; Ella James; Don't Mess Me Up; My Marge.

ST-811

Gallery

MULTIPLICITY SANDWICH- CECILY PEARSON

I'm not sure I beli eve in the Art Critic, a figure so often manifest in a highly unanonymous way, sometimes ruling the urban artistic symbiosis with little bombs of power and change, hidden beneath a cloak of disinterest. The process of Art is so much larger than all its practitioners, seekers, patrons, priests and lambasters, that one should be wholly impressed by the breadth and force of creative experience in order to use the Critical role as an opportunity for generating inquiry rather than walling up minds with ossifications of cultural form/voices in catalogued hierarchies of stylistic mannerisms. There is an enormous mutiplicity of two and three dimensional statements; in this marvelous sandwich of stratifications and upheaval- Art - is the recording of intracultural relationships. Art is the language of the trans-historical and pangeographic World, a language of sight reaching into the soul and born out of it, a language of many related tongues in a World of many languages.

An Excursion

I stepped out on the nearly hottest day of the year. The afternoon was lymphous as giant stands of cumulous sweetbreads grouped in the giant sky. I wandered through the Dupont Circle area enveloped in the yellow swirl of heat rain. My feet were burning off and my toes were being skinned by Italian thongs. Intriguing hooded zigguratal shapes hovered above me in the Henri Gallery. I climbed up the narrow stairwell but the door was locked and the shades glued down.

I found the Gallery Marc further on. I squeaked through a slim aperture past a genre shoe rack casting, and two bucolic landscapes . The small collection was generally intelligent; I was attracted to a striking collage by Harry Soviak and two shock plays on billboard semantics by Fritz Koethe. Next door is the Pyramid Gallery, the quality of work and its display seemed less than unified; too many pieces appeared derivative and I wondered on my seeing simulacra, neither the surprises of rebirth nor the etchings of new distinctions. I did like "Williamsburg Interior" by Lowell Nesbitt. It made my eyes bleed a little with perceptual exercise.

The Jefferson Place Gallery had some good pieces, with "style", like Willem de Looper's "Triad 2" and a tall, apparently plexigl ass triangle form called "Hot Flowers". I walked on, and found the Fendrick Gallery, a good place to be. Nevertheless, here, too, as everywhere else I'd been, there was no place to sit in the main gallery. And how I should have like to sit down and watch the images of Pleskie, Sica, Wagner and Nelvelson, currently exhibited in the cool of nearly classical pleasantry. The graphic work of these artists and many others in the "bins" was well worth seeing for its grace and sureness in the rising, surfless fuzz-heat of the M Street griddle.

By this time the sky was a swollen bag of effluvia, resting on the rooftops of Georgetown. I rushed home and arrived, just as the rain broke in on the prostrate day, still wondering, where is It?

We'd like to welcome a new publication to the scene. It's called THE SHEET/COMPARED TO WHAT (CTW) , after the title of a song by Gene McDaniels. The format of the paper is to be basically a poster sized sheet (it is only one piece of paper folded deviously so as not to be too obtrusive) with information on events in Washington, and articles, poetry and photographs by local artists. CTW is edited by Tony Taylor, who has long been involved with the music and arts scene in Washington. The first issue is just out (they plan to be bi-weekly) and is very finely done, and thus promises to be a happy addition to the city. We're not yet sure of how it is being distributed, but look for it wherever together people might look for it .

Clubs

I feel more comfortable in small clubs, and though the Cellar Door is sometimes a bit expensive, there is no better place to relax and get into the music in this area. This week (thru August 21) the funk and finesse of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet . Now, Cannonball has been getting it on for a long time, and he's just as fine now as ever, still one of the most earthy, soulful musicians, capable of transcending both the nitty gritty and the lyrical elements of his jazz. The group is tight, with the kind of empathy one feels so rarely (especially in rock), and it's quite obvious that these men know each other's most basic self. Some people might say that Cannonball hasn't changed much in style since about the middle or late 60's. Well, he is a bit more mellow, but he stills sends out some of the most searching phrases to leave anyones piece of brass. The loss of Joe Zawinul is beautifully tempered by George Dukes, who has stepped into a rough spot and acquited himself superbly. His contribution is as deeple rhythmic as both the bass and drums, and on his solos he sets everything downwith masterful strokes. Another part of the show besides their music is their presence, and watching bassist Walter Booker is a reward in itself. He has an incredible aura about him, a smile and a sense of motion that tend to completely enthrall the listener...you know, the ability to make us one with his music. It's a feeling that extends to the whole band, and that universal goodness that derives from those feelings has a lot to do with where jazz can be at. (Awkward, but appropriate phrasing, I think.)

Sharing the bill with Cannonball is Michael Chapman. It's always awkward to be sharing a bill with someone who's music is sufficiently different from your own that you are less than likely to draw an audience that will respond to you. Chapman is lucky, because he has been pretty well recieved by a basic jazz crowd, and that is not at all where his type of music is at. This is is first tour of America (mostly clubs like the Cellar Door) and it comes in conjunction with the release of his first album in America (he has three in England, with a fourth on the way, which he says is his best yet). The Album, Fully Qualified Survivor (Harvest SW-816) is a pleasingly diversified album that showcases his skills as both a writer and guitarist. There are several instrumentals on the album that standout---"Naked Ladies and Electric Ragtime", "Andru's Easy Rider" (done bottleneck), and the introduction to "Postcards of Scarborough". Lyrically, his strength comes through on "Aviator" and "Stranger in the Room". His voice is very low-key, almost an afterthought at times. His album cover says that he is "a reluctant folk accident on whom the sun never shines". Well, that can only be partially true. To begin with, he has fine mastery of both acoustic and electric guitar, (he has one piece, a sort of rag like number called "Polar Bear Fandango" which is a sheer delight), being able to coax sounds from either instrument that most people wouldn't even have considered. Yet, at the same time, he isn't overbearing, always retaining an easy disposition with his bassist Rick Kemp. Kemp, too, has a superb conception of his instrument. He uses it as a standard bass, but also as a guitar, a tabla, sometimes it even sounds like a cello. And he has a fine knack for subtlety (missing in too many bassists), so that he doesnt override the instrument he is supposed to be augmenting. The two, Chapman and Kemp , are a very fine duo (though they say they'd like to find a good drummer to fill out the group.) From here, they go on to other clubs, hopefully to make as good an impression as they have here. Like Cannonball, and all his friends, Michael Chapman and Rick Kemp can create a lot of empathy, and in the end, that's the best test of success in the business of music/communication.

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THEATER

Paul Jones

SCUBA DUBA: at the Theatre Lobby

This is a play which, out of the full fantasy of the writer, contains almost everything needed for any kind of basic confrontation: black and white, young and old, sex and love, constancy and infidelity, the ability to change vs. the virtue of some firm belief.

Harold Wonder, the man for whom everything, until the be-beginning of the play, has been coming together into that nice tight middle-class structure which requires only one accident to blow it, finds his environment fully blown by the departure of his forever loving wife into the arms of a black, Negro, "oops, colored, no damn it, nigger frogman." If only he hadn't been black everything would have been fine would it? The rest of the play is a finally portrayed development of the type of madness prevelant or potential in every bounded mind, the type of situation where nothing is said outright, but everything slips through, somehow.

So everything comes out: Harry finds the neighbor, young lithe "liberated" and sexual Carol to be a perfect means of counter-threat, since she can't really exist for him as a real person to whom he could freely react. The landlady and her tourist guest bring out more and more of the inconsistencies, sexual, racist, attitudes which most of us would find out about only by this kind of accident.

Scuba Duba happily turns out to be not a play of all's well that ends, or another one of a whole bunch of recent plays trying to touch all of these areas programatically, but rather it is a play of bathos: height after height of irony is reached, climax after climax and brink after brink of anything and everything short of a final physically violent outcome is threatened, but it ends just as it begins, as everything really ends unless there is some means to fully become aware of yourself and step outside, lay away the definitions and the verbalization. Harry has learned nothing, needs the same security in the face of the "problem", and the play ends back at the same ground level of fear-loneliness-non-growth.

The Theater Lobby has done a very good job with the play, with a few technical exceptions. I don't know if it is in the s script or what, but the voices and the turning doors and after the doors have turned the wretched drawing of them are all incredibly distracting for no real gain. Fortunately it happens rarely. There were some of the best character-pieces I have ever seen at TL done: the tourist by Meyers Wallingford, Carol Janus, the landlady, there was finally a whole thing happening, relatively undisturbed by technical faults.

Perhaps the TL can now go on to not only this kind of structured script as a means for expression, but perhaps experiment a bit with some other more radical forms. It has shown that it can use the space and forms to which it is used very well indeed now.

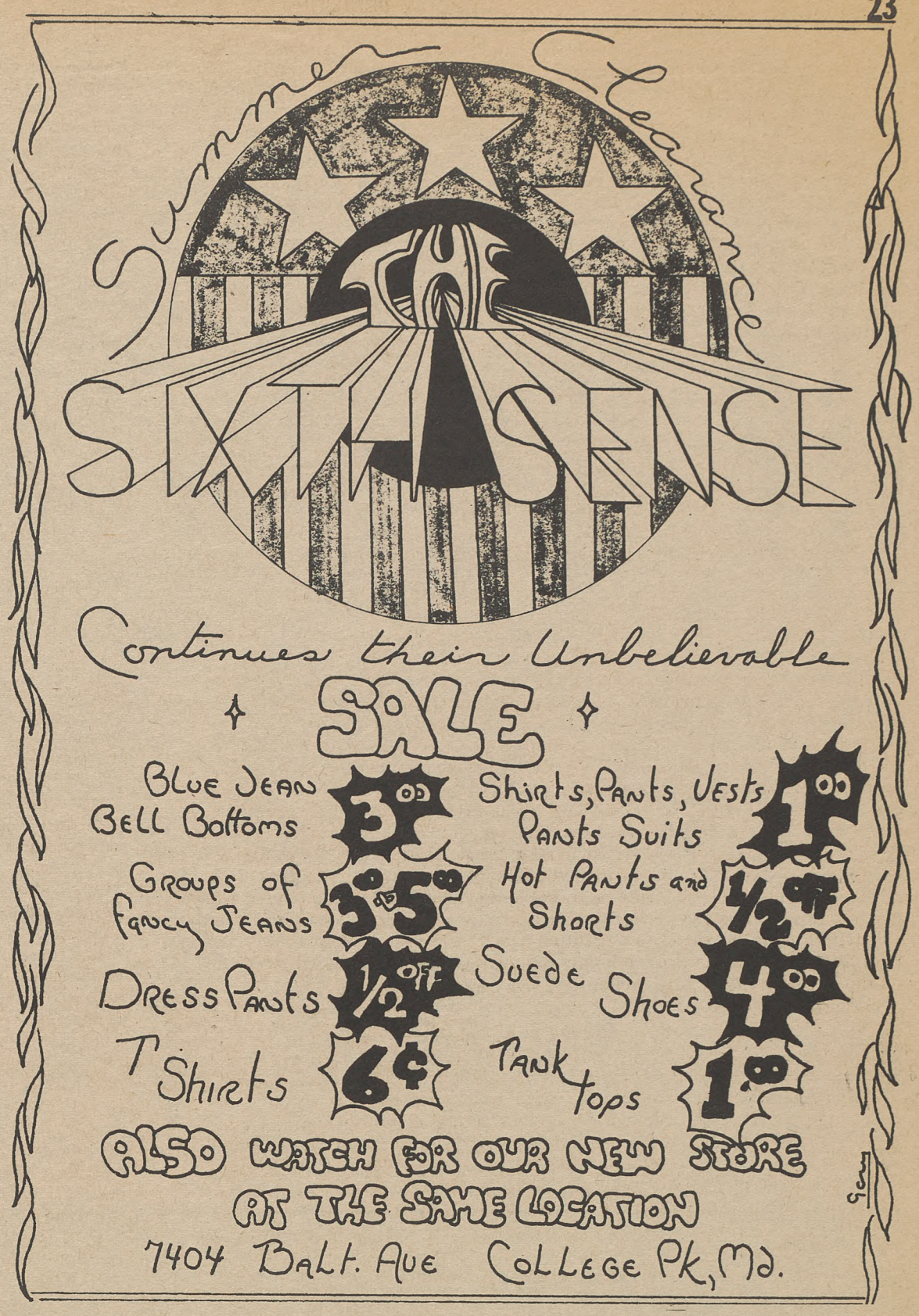
DC COOPERATIVE ARTS AND CRAFTS WAREHOUSE

As of now, it is getting more and more difficult to bring into a primary focus what is happening since a multitude of expansions have taken place. But I'll try.

The major thrust of the whole idea is to create a center for growth, therapy, experimentation and full-scale real-image visualization of the self, of forms, both artistic and self-wholistic. So far this breaks down into three areas, granted that there is space which becomes available very soon for this to happen: 1) a growth and therapy/meditation center with video, alpha-sensor wave, resources space, peace, etc.; 2) an information/communications/media center, with equipment and resources for publishing, broadcasting, celluloid reproduction, space for a 24 hours/day place to come; 3) a center for the community of artists and craftspeople which wants to exist in DC with space for as many people as possible at a materially acceptable base, that is, low rent, no consignement, gallery space, experimentation space, resources and tools, plus hopefully a large outside space for experiments in environmental design structures such as domes, zomes, plastics, whatever.

If someone enters this space, it is to be hoped that he will in essence never leave it, but if so, will have grown. Space is becoming more and more available now, hopefully by early September the first center will exist, with the possibilities of funding for projects in all these fields. Once this original space is occupied, the acquisition of more and larger amounts of space will happen more easily. There is really little more to say yet except that there are no exceptions, no restrictions, no rules formed. It seems very likely that something very big will happen. Tell people to ge get in touch, also with me.

If you are interested, have advice, money, energy, time, then consider what most have considered an impossibility to be possible. Everybody says that DC is culturally deprived, but that is patently untrue if only because nobody has yet gotten it together. Please, really, call Paul or Jan at 387-1624 or Laurie at 387-5139.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CLAUDE JONES needs our help

Dear friends,

My band, Claude Jones, is in trouble and needs your help. Over the three years we've been together, we've played countless benefits and free concerts for the community In addition, we have passed up a lot of bread by refusing to play gigs, except benefits, at which we've been the main attraction where the admission has been over $2.00. Now we're in a position where we have to call on the community for support and help.

A month ago, some asshole ripped off over six hundred ($600.) dollars worth of our equipment. This makes it almost impossible for us to practice or play gigs. There are four ways the community can help us if it is so inclined.

1)-On Thursday, September 2, there will be a benefit for us at the Emergency. The Emergency has agreed to donate all revenue from the gig, and our friends the Grin have offered to donate their services. The gig shapes up like this---Claude Jones will play (on borrowed equipment) starting at 9 oclock, probably for an hour or an hour and a half. The Grin will then come on for the same amount of time. Admission will be $2.00

2)If anyone has the resources, we could use a large loan against the Emergency benefit. This would enable us to start playing gigs and get back on our feet again prior to the benefit.

3)If some of the people for whom we've played for free feel like laying some bread on us, it would be gratefully accepted. Rent and food are getting to be a problem for some of the people in the band.

4)If anyone knows anything about the rip-off, or if the jerk who did it feels like redeeming his kharma, that would solve the problem. A letter adressed to Mike Henley, Garret Park, Maryland, 20766, will reach me. I can also be reached by phone (942-5619) from 10am to 5pm.

Mike Henley

Georgetown Music

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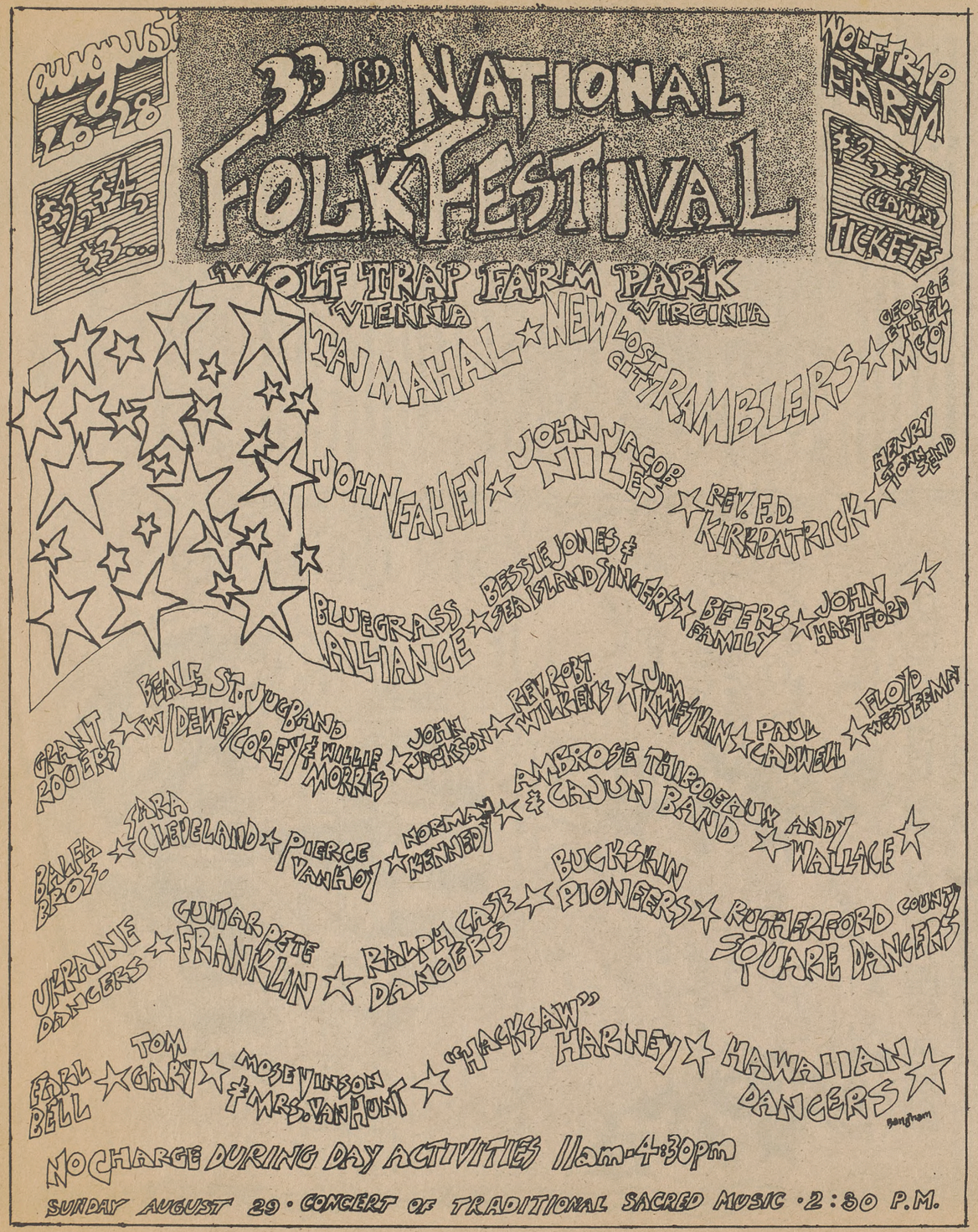


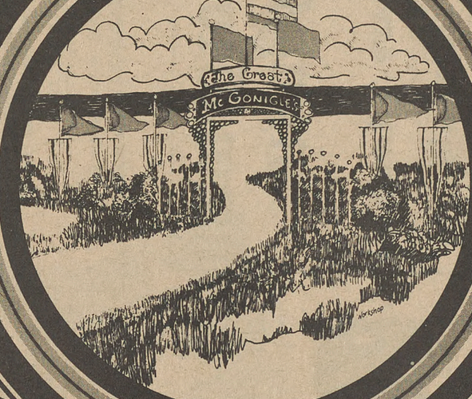
EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH

FEATURING JERRY LA CROIX

CATFISH ALSO GRIN

THE GREAT McGONIGLE'S FUNKY OLD SEASIDE PARK

ANNAPOLIS, MD



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